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A TRAGIC RECORD OF A GREAT MARINE DISASTER: THE SINKING ITALIAN LINER, "PRINCIPESSA MAFALDA"—SHOWING A BOAT CAPSIZING WHILE BEING LOWERED; THE DISTRESS FLAG; AND BOATS ON THE WATER.

This tragic photograph of the "Principessa Mafalda" sinking by the stern off Bahia, Brazil, on October 25, was taken about 5.45 p.m. on that day, from the British Blue Star freighter "Empirestar," which was the first rescue ship to reach the scene and saved 210 of the passengers and crew from the shark-infested waters. Two of the liner's boats are seen being lowered aft, one of them tilted at a dangerous angle, and other boats are visible on the water. The "Empirestar" arrived at Gravesend on November 14, and her officers gave vivid details of the disaster. She had passed the liner at 5.10 p.m., but turned

back when it was seen that something was amiss, and soon came a wireless message, "Danger in engines." "We forced the 'Empirestar' along," says Capt. C. R. Cooper, "and then came the S.O.S. from the Italian. On deck the crew were lowering the lifeboats, and men, women, and children were crowding into them. Two or three of the boats capsized as they were lowered, and the people were flung into the sea. I had our boats swung out, and every man aboard volunteered for the work of rescue." The British rescuers praised the conduct of the "Mafalda's" officers, and especially the wireless operator.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT would seem that the world is now too weary to find a word with which to finish a sentence. One of the strangest facts of our time is the number of people who seem to believe that they are saying something, when they are only beginning to say something, and something that might be anything. There is a Greek name for this broken and inconclusive form of speech—*aposiopesis*. But it may be more popularly described as a blank; sometimes verging on what is called a blankety blank. I suppose the most familiar example of this locution is the exclamation, "Well, I never!" This is said, for the sake of brevity, by one who would otherwise presumably have to say, "Well, I never experienced any circumstances in any way comparable to those in which I now find myself." Perhaps it would be a little pedantic to insist that the sentence should always be completed in this way, but at present we are going to the other extreme.

This form of speech, or of speechlessness, also has its counterpart in a form of thought, or of thoughtlessness. It is amazing to note what a number of words are used to-day as if they were final, when they are really meaningless without a further context. The obvious example is that overworked word *Efficiency*. People talk as if a thing being efficient were like a thing being red or round or solid or salt; as if it were a quality in itself that needed no further explanation. They do not realise that to say, "This is efficient," is merely the same as saying, "This effects—." And that is the sort of sentence which has to end with a dash. A thing cannot be efficient without reference to its effect. To talk of efficiency without discussing what it is to effect is to talk to no effect at all. Yet hundreds of controversies are made futile and confusing by not considering whether the effect aimed at is wealth or power or happiness or the salvation of the soul. But, for that matter, there are whole phrases of which the real upshot is thus left hanging in the air. The example I used to give in the days of my youth is that of the famous toast or sentiment, "My country, right or wrong." It is quite impossible to state whether this statement is right or wrong. It is impossible to state, because it is not a statement. It is a sentence ending with a dash. It makes all the difference in the world, to any sane moralist, whether the sentence is, in its completed form, "My country, right or wrong, can claim my devotion to her best interests," or whether it is supposed to run, "My country, right or wrong, must be encouraged to do whatever she happens to be doing."

But, while many might be on their guard against the grammatical incompleteness of such a collection of words, not many notice that the same is true, as in the case of "efficiency," even of comparatively separate and solid words. There are a great many other current terms that have this incomplete and relative character; words that are really quite meaningless without some other words to follow. I notice that one of them, which was also common enough twenty years ago, has once more risen out of the depths to delude and mislead mankind. It has arisen out of the renewed debate about the rather stale subject of Darwin and Darwinism. But it is being used in any number of speeches and sermons and newspaper articles, in connection with all kinds of social projects and reforms. It is our dear and doddering old friend, the word "Unfit."

People are once more talking and writing about the Unfit, about what should be done with them or what they should or should not be allowed to do—for all the world as if the Unfit were something like the Horse Guards or the Bench of Bishops or the Negroes or the Chinese; as if they were a definite and distinct class of people, completely covered by that positive description of them. Nobody seems to notice that it is not a description of anything, because it is not a description at all. If I hold up an object wrapped up in brown paper and say in a loud voice, "This is unfit," I shall not be giving anybody any information of any kind. Nobody will know whether I mean

or breathe the air of heaven. Yet this term, which in its very nature implies a context of some kind, is applied in social discussions without any context at all. Everybody can see its absurdity when applied to people in the social position of the Bishops or the Astronomer Royal. But it is now recognised that any absurdity can be talked about the poor.

Therefore does my eye encounter in an important daily paper an article of the good old sort, about how the Unfit are to be prevented from marrying, or prevented from breeding, or prevented from breathing. They are not to be prevented from talking nonsense.

And all through the learned exposition it never occurs to the expositor to answer the obvious question, "Unfit for what?" It is surely obvious that a person might be unfit for one thing without being unfit for another. This senseless word came into use by a misunderstanding of something that was a little, though only a little, more sensible. It was a phrase used by the old Darwinians. So far as it went, it was a complete phrase; it was not a meaningless broken link like the mere word "Unfit." The original phrase was: "Those organisms which are fitted to the environment will survive; those organisms which are unfit for the environment will perish." It had nothing in the world to do with the notion of anything nobler in the fit or baser in the unfit. It simply meant, in the words of Coleridge's poem, that slimy things might crawl with legs upon the slimy sea. That is to say, they were slimy, and therefore fitted for an environment of slime. Meanwhile, "The many men, so beautiful! And they all dead, did lie," because, not being sufficiently slimy, they had not been fitted to an environment of slime. That is what Darwin meant and what he said; and, in saying it, only left behind this funny little lost word, "Unfit," to be ill-treated and misused by the rest of the world. But Darwin was never so stupid as to suppose that a thing could be unfit in the abstract; intrinsically and internally unfit. And that is how the Eugenists and other sentimental scientists are perpetually using the term. But then, as I say, they propose to do it only to the poor, whom they vaguely regard as a sort of lower order of animals handed over to them for vivisection.

As a matter of fact, they would get into a most horrible muddle if they did really try to apply the Darwinian test to the problem of poverty. They would produce the very opposite of all that is wanted, even by themselves. Suppose that miners began to lose their eyesight through working so much in the dark. From a social standpoint, that is a tragedy. But from a biological standpoint, it is only an adaptation. The miner is, in fact, becoming fit for his environment. Suppose a race of porters grow up with bow legs and bowed shoulders. In this evolutionary sense they are not the unfit; on the contrary, they are the fit. They are managing to survive by slightly changing their form to fit their surroundings. If a typical slum population is springing up in the slums, they are not the unfit; they are possibly those fitted—for the slums. All this is horrible heathen nonsense, of course; and to me it is a mere denial of human dignity and of the image of God. But it is a much more intelligent inference from Darwinism than the inference now being drawn in the newspapers. The moral is that it will be as well for most people to leave biology to biologists; to forget the sham science called Eugenics, and return to the real science called Ethics.



"HER MAJESTY": A MINIATURE REPRODUCTION OF THE PRESENTATION PLATE IN FULL COLOURS GIVEN WITH THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

The coloured Presentation Plate given with the Christmas Number of our paper this year is the remarkably fine picture of Queen Mary here reproduced in miniature. It bears the title "Her Majesty," and it is by Arthur J. Nowell. The same issue contains no fewer than thirty-five pages of pictures beautifully reproduced in full colours; together with very excellent stories by Valentine Williams, Susan Ertz, Maurice Renard, Dorothy Margaret Stuart, Winifred Duke, and Barbara Bingley. The price of the number, including the Plate, is two shillings, as usual. It will be on sale on November 21, and, to prevent disappointment, it should be ordered now from bookstall or newsagent, or from the Publishing Office, 16, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.—[After the Picture by Arthur J. Nowell.]

that it is unfit to eat, or unfit to smoke, or unfit to read, or unfit to wear. If I point to a gentleman in the street and say dramatically, "He is unfit," it will not in mere logic mean anything at all. Nobody will know whether he is considered unfit to live, or unfit to be at large, or unfit to walk down the street in his present state of health, or unfit to be Astronomer Royal, or unfit to be Bishop of Rumi-Foo. Some of us have lately been able to conceive the possibility of Bishops who are not fit to be Bishops. But we should hardly go so far as to say that the Bishops were unfit to be bishops; that they were unfit to walk the earth

STONES OF REMEMBRANCE: ARMISTICE DAY AND WAR MEMORIALS.



TO COMMEMORATE AUSTRALIA'S DEAD ON THE WESTERN FRONT: THE ACCEPTED DESIGN FOR THE GREAT MEMORIAL TO BE BUILT AT VILLERS-BRETONNEUX.



FRENCH VILLAGERS HONOURING OUR DEAD: THE "SILENCE" IN THE BRITISH CEMETERY AT BRONFAY FARM, NEAR A RUINED FARM-HOUSE FORMERLY USED AS BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS.



HONOUR TO THE "NURSE CAVELL" OF FRANCE: THE MONUMENT TO LOUISE DE BETTIGNIES, OF LILLE, AFTER THE UNVEILING CEREMONY ATTENDED BY MARSHAL FOCH.



A DOUBLE COMMEMORATION CEREMONY AT NOTTINGHAM: THE UNVEILING OF THE GREAT MEMORIAL ARCH ON ARMISTICE DAY—THE FLAG FALLING.



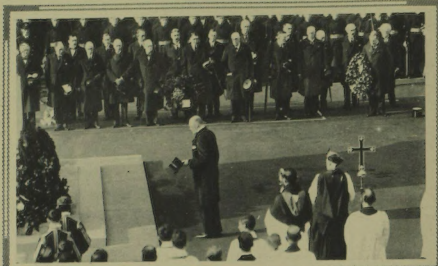
THE "OLD CONTEMPTIBLES" AT MONS ON ARMISTICE DAY: THE "SILENCE" IN THE BRITISH MILITARY CEMETERY ATTENDED BY 200 BRITISH SOLDIERS (INCLUDING THREE V.C.'S) WHO HAD FOUGHT IN THE HISTORIC RETREAT—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE, SHOWING THE VISITORS DRAWN UP BEHIND THE STONE OF REMEMBRANCE, AND BELGIAN REPRESENTATIVES, WITH BANNERS, AT THE CROSS OF SACRIFICE.

In the competition for designing the great Australian Memorial to be erected at Villers-Bretonneux, the first prize of £250 was awarded to Mr. William Lucas, of Melbourne. All the stone for the monument is to be brought from Australia.—The ninth anniversary of the Armistice was observed throughout France. We show a typical scene in the British cemetery at Bronfay Farm (between Albert and Péronne), where the Mayor of Bray-sur-Somme laid a wreath on the Cross.—At Lille on November 13 a monument was unveiled to Louise de Bettignies, of that city, who helped many French and British soldiers to escape

during the German occupation. She was arrested in October 1915, and after resisting all attempts to make her disclose the names of her associates, was sentenced to death in the following March, but was not executed. She fell ill, and died in prison at Cologne on September 27, 1918. Later, her body was brought to Lille and given a public funeral.—On Armistice Day at Nottingham was unveiled the great Memorial Arch, of which the Prince of Wales laid the foundation-stone nearly four years ago.—The "Silence" at Mons was attended by over two hundred British soldiers who fought there thirteen years ago.

THE EVER-INCREASING OBSERVANCE OF ARMISTICE DAY:

REVERENT CROWDS AT THE NINTH REMEMBRANCE.



THE PREMIER, EX-PREMIERS, AND MINISTERS AT THE CENOTAPH: (FRONT ROW, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) SIR DOUGLAS HOGG, SIR JOHN GILMOUR, SIR SAMUEL HOARE, SIR WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKES, MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, LORD RUSSELL, LORD BALFOUR, SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, LORD CAVE, AND MR. BALDWIN; (NEXT ROW BEGINNING SECOND FROM LEFT) LORD EUSTACE PERCY, SIR A. STEEL-MAITLAND, LORD PERI, MR. WALTER GUINNESS, LORD CUSHENDUN, SIR PHILIP CURRIE-LISTER, MR. W. C. BRIDGEMAN, MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD, AND MR. LLOYD GEORGE.



THE GREAT CROWD BEFORE THE CITY HALL, BELFAST, DURING THE ARMISTICE DAY CELEBRATIONS: THE SCENE DURING THE TWO MINUTES' SILENCE.



A COMMEMORATION DURING WHICH A FREE STATE ARMY AEROPLANE CIRCLED ROUND PHOENIX PARK: AT THE GUILLEMONT CROSS, IN DUBLIN, DURING THE SILENCE.

It might have been thought that, as the years passed by, Armistice Day would be less and less observed at the Cenotaph in London and at other centres of remembrance. The contrary is the case. As November 11 succeeds November 11, the services attract more and more people, and as the crowds grow greater the reverence seems to grow with them. At first, it will be recalled, there was a tendency to treat the anniversary as one for wild rejoicing, to say nothing of "mafficking." All this has changed and the occasion has become one of solemnity and praise and thanksgiving, frivolities being left for the next day. Last week's celebration was notable not only for the number of the Commemoration Services, but for the enormous gatherings that attended them; and there was at least one notable innovation. On the evening of Armistice Day, the Prince of Wales spoke in the Albert Hall, saying, "It is now a day of Remembrance"; and afterwards he headed a great torch-light march of ex-Service men from the Hall to the Cenotaph, with Mr. Winston Churchill on his left and Lord Cavan on his right.—With regard to certain of our pictures, we may add the following notes. In front of the City Hall, Belfast, the great assembly joined in singing "Land of Hope and Glory" and "O God, our Help in Ages Past." After the Silence, the Union Jack, which had been flying at half-past,



"OLD BILL" DECORATED WITH ITS BATTLE-HONOURS: THE FAMOUS LONDON GENERAL OMNIBUS IN THE MARCH PAST THE CENOTAPH.



ILLUSTRATING THE EVER-INCREASING OBSERVANCE OF ARMISTICE DAY AT THE CENOTAPH IN LONDON: A SECTION OF THE HUGE CROWD IN WHITEHALL DURING THE SILENCE.



A CITY OF LONDON OBSERVANCE: THE ENORMOUS CROWD AT THE SILENCE AT THE ROYAL EXCHANGE, WHERE THE "LAST POST" WAS SOUNDED AND THE COLOURS OF THE LONDON REGIMENTS WERE LOWERED IN SALUTE.



THE ARMISTICE DAY COMMUNITY SINGING IN HYDE PARK: THE CONDUCTOR IN WHITE, IN ORDER THAT THOSE PRESENT MIGHT SEE HIM READILY.



AN INNOVATION LIKELY TO BE REPEATED IN FUTURE YEARS: THE GREAT TORCH-LIGHT PROCESSION OF EX-SERVICE MEN, WHO MARCHED FROM THE ALBERT HALL TO THE CENOTAPH ON THE NIGHT OF ARMISTICE DAY.



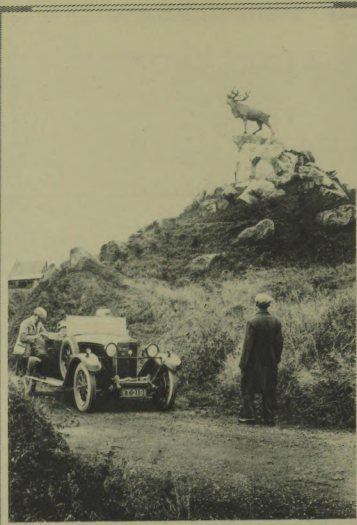
THE REMARKABLE NIGHT-SCENE AT THE CENOTAPH IN WHITEHALL ON ARMISTICE NIGHT: TORCH-BEARERS WHO HAD MARCHED FROM THE ALBERT HALL, LED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES, LINED UP BY THE NATION'S MEMORIAL.



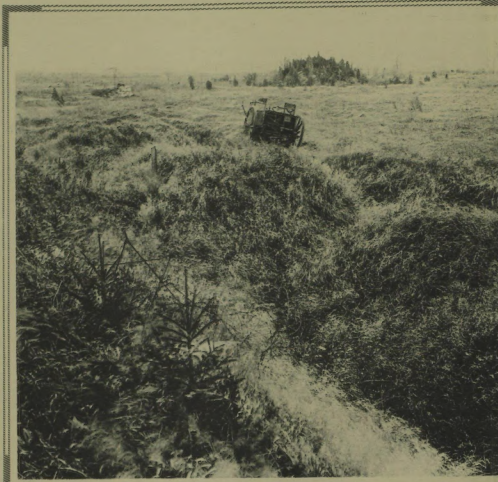
READY TO LEAD THE TORCH-LIGHT PROCESSION OF EX-SERVICE MEN FROM THE ALBERT HALL TO THE CENOTAPH: THE PRINCE OF WALES, WEARING HIS MEDALS, AT THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION—WITH MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL AND LORD CAVAN.

was run up, and the "Reveille" was sounded.—In Dublin, some 80,000 people attended the service at the Guillemont Cross, in Phoenix Park. These included some 18,000 ex-Service men. There were no "incidents," and the only thing that broke the Silence was the buzz of a Free State Army aeroplane which circled round the Park. Poppies sold freely in Dublin, and although some Republican extremists tried to sell Republican emblems in the streets, nobody took much notice of them.—Almost immediately after the conclusion of the service at the Cenotaph in Whitehall came a march past of ex-Service men and women, headed by a Guards' band playing "Boys of the Old Brigade." In the ranks the men wore of all classes, and all wore their medals and decorations. Amongst the women were former members of the V.A.D., the W.A.A.C., and the W.R.N.S., who had donned their uniforms for the day.—In the City, there was a special Armistice Day Service at St. Paul's, and a special Commemoration at the Royal Exchange. There, representative detachments of London troops were ranged round the London Troops Memorial. At eleven o'clock, the "Last Post" was sounded, and the colours of the London Regiments were lowered in salute. Then followed the Silence. During the luncheon hour, a second Service was held, this time inside the Exchange.

A WESTERN FRONT BATTLEFIELD PRESERVE CONTACT: THE NEWFOUNDLAND MEMORIAL PARK.



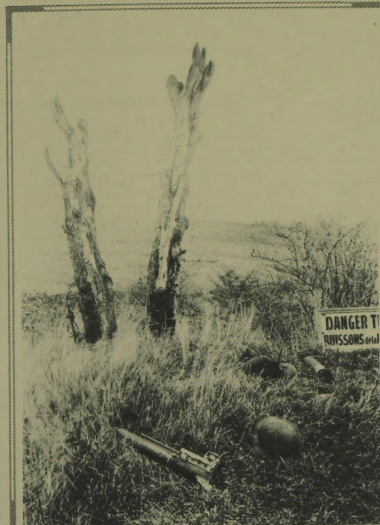
THE BRONZE CARIBOU COMMEMORATING NEWFOUNDLAND TROOPS, NEAR BEAUMONT HAMEL: A FAMOUS MONUMENT IN THE NEWFOUNDLAND MEMORIAL PARK, WITH THE KEEPER'S HOUSE (LEFT BACKGROUND).



PART OF THE WESTERN FRONT LEFT UNDISTURBED SINCE THE END OF THE WAR: TRENCHES NOW OVERGROWN WITH GRASS, AN OLD GUN LIMBER (NEAR THE CENTRE OF THE PHOTOGRAPH), AND TREES GROWING UP (IN BACKGROUND).



THE REMAINS OF AN AEROPLANE LEFT LYING JUST WHERE IT CRASHED DURING THE WAR: THE ENGINE (LEFT FOREGROUND), WHEELS CENTRE BACKGROUND, AND OTHER FRAGMENTS WITH BARBED WIRE BEYOND.



THE "DANGER TREE": A FAVOURITE MARK FOR ENEMY SNIPERS, WITH A WARNING NOTICE, ALSO AN OLD "TIN HAT" AND A PIECE OF A MACHINE-GUN.



WITH THE DUCKBOARDS STILL IN POSITION ALONG THE TRENCH: THE ENTRANCE TO A DUG-OUT WHICH HAS BEEN PRESERVED JUST AS IT WAS DURING THE WAR.



A SNIPER'S POST: AN OLD BROKEN RIFLE STILL RESTING ON TOP OF THE SANDBAG PARAPET, AND DUCKBOARDS LEFT ON THE GROUND.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE FAMOUS "Y" RAVINE WITH ITS UNDERGROUND GALLERIES: A TIMBER SHELTER ACROSS THE DUCKBOARD PATH, WITH A BROKEN RIFLE ON THE GRASS.



A MACHINE-GUN POST: THE OLD LEWIS GUN LEFT ON THE GROUND, WITH A SOLDIER'S WATER-BOTTLE AT ONE END, AND A BROKEN RIFLE (LEFT FOREGROUND).

Since the publication (in our last issue) of photographs showing the preservation of Canadian trenches at Vimy Ridge, which had been described as "the only portion left intact of all the battlefields on the Western Front," it has been pointed out that there is another part of the front which has also been left undisturbed. Writing from the Offices of the High Commissioner for Newfoundland, Mr. Victor Gordon says (in the "Daily Express"): "While sharing in the enthusiasm aroused over the discovery of the Grange Tunnel, and in the rejoicing that this historic spot is to be preserved, may I point out, as a matter of general interest, that there is already a piece of the original battlefield on the Western Front, known as 'The Newfoundland Memorial Park,' at Beaumont Hamel."

On the Somme area, and that this park remains now as it did on the day that the Armistice was signed? Beaumont Hamel Park consists of eighty-three acres which were purchased by the Newfoundland Government in 1919, and in which can be seen the British and German systems of defence, the No Man's Land between them, and the famous underground galleries of the 'Y' Ravine. This memorial park is laid off, and is preserved exactly as it was left at the end of the war with trenches, dug-outs, shell holes, and accumulated litter of the battlefield. Within the park is erected the Newfoundland caribou, the colony's national emblem; the memorial of the 29th Division, and that of the 51st Highland Division." The caribou monument was unveiled by Earl Haig in 1925.

ABYSSINIA—AND THE LAKE TANA DAM.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"IN THE COUNTRY OF THE BLUE NILE," By C. F. REY.*

(PUBLISHED BY MESSRS. DUCKWORTH.)

IN a caustic complaint addressed last year to the League of Nations, Ras Tafari wrote: "The people of Abyssinia are anxious to do right, and we have every intention of guiding them along the path of improvement and progress; but throughout their history they have seldom met with foreigners who did not desire to possess themselves of Abyssinian territory and to destroy their independence. With God's help, and thanks to the courage of our soldiers, we have always, come what might, stood proud and free upon our native mountains." The attitude is natural enough. Ethiopia is surrounded: it is without exit to the sea. Italian Eritrea, French Somaliland, British Somaliland, Italian Somaliland, Kenya, Uganda, and the Sudan enclose it.

Moreover, the Regent, modernist as he is, conscious as he is of the need for expanding trade, has to reckon with innumerable "diehards"—jealous politicians, turbulent priests, and masterful provincial rulers; the Rasas, or Heads; the Dajazmachs, the Generals or Keepers of the Gates; the Fitawraris, the Rhinoceros Horns; and the rest of those whose dependents obey them "at the run." And, as Mr. Rey is careful to emphasise, the great chiefs are neither easily led nor controlled: "The majority of them are . . . reactionary in view . . . a frame of mind which, for men in their position, enjoying the privileges they do, is quite understandable. In some of the more remote districts the name of the ruler is scarcely known to the population, and the only recognised authority is the Governor. And though such a state of affairs may strengthen the position of this individual, it does not make for the influence or prestige of the central Government. The position is well exemplified by the Abyssinian proverb, 'A dog knows his master, but not his master's master.'"

Recalling such things, it is not strange that the proposal to build a dam across the Blue Nile near Lake Tana should have met with suspicion and brought about dillyings and dallayings and recriminations. The value of such a work is evident. Mr. Rey expounds; and meets objections. "The main question with which Great Britain is concerned," he notes, "is the regulation of the outflow of water from Lake Tana down the Blue Nile in the interests of the irrigation of Egypt and the Sudan."

"For nearly thirty years this question has been under discussion, a question which in the ordinary way should not have taken thirty weeks to settle. Here is no matter of territorial expansion, of frontier rectification, or even of disputed fact. Briefly stated, the position is as follows:

"The Blue Nile takes its rise a hundred miles or so south of Tana, runs into and through the lake, and, emerging in the south-east, runs south for one hundred and fifty miles, then west, and finally, making a great bend northwards, joins the White Nile near Khartoum, bringing down with it not merely a vast volume of water, but immense quantities of rich, fertilising mud, which, spread over the plains of Egypt, are the main factor in producing the agricultural wealth of the country."

"During seven months of the year the water flowing down the Blue Nile is more than adequate for the irrigation needs of the Sudan; during the remaining five months the water-supply is inadequate for this purpose. And under present conditions Lake Tana gives its greatest contribution to the Blue Nile whilst the river in Egypt and the Sudan is amply supplied from other sources; it gives least when the river is low."

"It is proposed, therefore, by erecting a dam across the exit of the Blue Nile from Lake Tana, to regulate the outflow, to store up the surplus water during the seasons of plenty against the intervening lean months when water is lacking."

An idea reasonable and practical: but unwelcome. "Certain quite genuine fears were engendered in the Abyssinian minds," continues Mr. Rey, ". . . It was, for example, thought that the damming of the lake would increase enormously the level of its waters and would not only submerge shrines and churches on the islands and banks, but would also invade the shores and rob numbers of people of their land. One of the principal chiefs of the district asked the members of the last mission that visited the place whether they did not contemplate building a wall one hundred metres high! As a matter of fact, the range between high and low water level of the lake is only about one and a half metres, and, so far from any fantastic erection of the kind being contemplated, the proposal is

to lower the outlet by excavation, and then, by the installation of a regulator, no increase of the flood level of the lake at all would be involved. . . . As for the absurd objection that the proposed works would result in depriving Abyssinia of water she needs for her own purposes, it is only necessary to point out that the water now flows away annually without benefiting anyone, whereas if the proposed dam were installed, the same amount would flow away, but more regularly throughout the year, to the great advantage of everyone concerned."

The real doubt, however, still lurks in the minds of the

motor-road"—the road, that is, which it would have been necessary to construct for the passage of materials from the Sudan to the site. We shall see what we shall see, but it is significant that Dr. Wargneh Martin should have been entrusted with a commission to invite tenders for the building of the barrage; and it may be added that the Abyssinian envoy's visit to America for this purpose is not surprising: ". . . The Regent, impressed with the wealth and power of the States, and feeling that he need be under no fear of territorial trouble from that far-off country inasmuch as there is no American territory along his borders, has always encouraged the visits of Americans and urged them to undertake operations in Abyssinia." The italics are ours!

But enough of this particular phase of Mr. Rey's most excellent book: for it is only a phase, and we have dealt with it at length chiefly because it is peculiarly topical. There are many others, and each is engrossing. The author and his wife did much "variegated travelling" in what is well called the mediæval State of Ethiopia; found welcomes primitive, feudal, and quasi-modern; and encountered courtesy and ceremonial everywhere—and no courtesy finer than that shown when Mrs. Rey had fractured an arm and was being borne over the rough roads. Says Mr. Rey: "Repeatedly . . . casual passers-by would stop and enquire what had happened, and, on learning that a 'foreign lady' had met with an accident, would get down from their mules, take the place of one of our men at the hammock poles, and carry for three or four hundred yards, sometimes farther, as a mark of sympathy. One man indeed not only did this, but insisted on one of our men riding his mule while he himself carried."

In like spirit the local Governor provided Galla swimmers for the crossing of the Abbai into Gojam, swimmers who piloted ponies, mules, donkeys, and oxen across the fast-flowing waters, while rifle-men fusilladed to keep crocodiles at a distance; and navigated the *jandis*, strange, simple craft dismantled and re-made after each crossing.

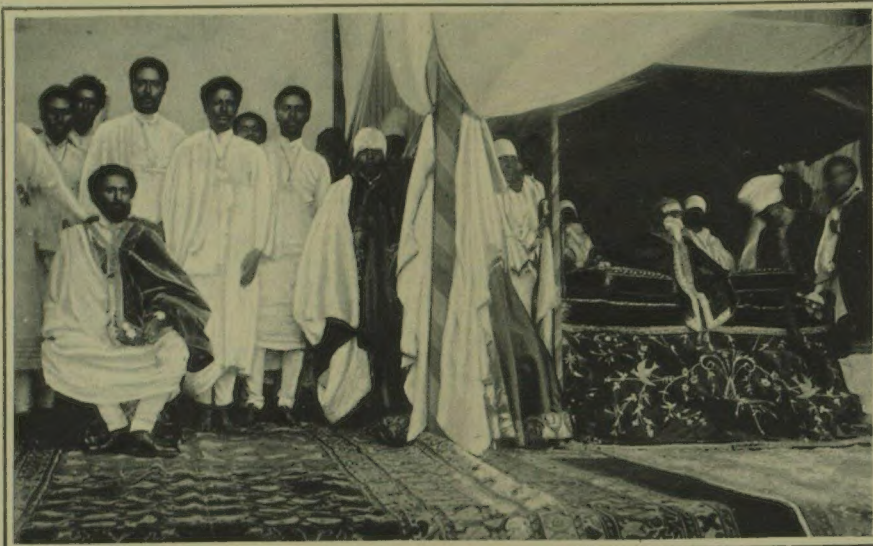
Mr. Rey describes them: "A large tanned ox-skin, with holes perforated all round the edges, is laid on the ground, dry grass is piled on it, and the whole then lashed into a sort of package by means of hide ropes passed through the holes round the edge of the skin. If goods are to be transported they are put inside; if human beings, they squat on the top *à la turque* or let their legs dangle in the water; in either case swimmers pull and push the unwieldy craft, which rocks and rolls like a Channel steamer on a bad day. It looks much more alarming than it, in fact, is, but I could not really blame some of our men, who, after seeing the first *jandi* towed over, firmly declined to make the crossing, and had to be tied head to tail, three at a time, and stowed inside a *jandi* with the grass stuffing."

And there were the compliments of escorts and bands, and of "a little food" borne by thirty or forty servants; with invitations to feasts and festivals, to drinks of beer and of *tej*—honey and water and pieces of the *gesho* plant, and to the eating of meals which included a pie containing a number of whole chickens and unlimited hard-boiled eggs, red-hot peppery compounds, and, of course, raw meat "hot from the cow," a national dish said to have originated when hordes of Somals, Arabians, and Turks invaded Abyssinia in the early sixteenth century, and so harassed the natives that those few who remained in arms were "in such perpetual danger of their lives that it is recorded they were afraid even to light fires to cook their food, and so acquired the habit of eating raw meat—a habit which to-day is a universal custom of the country." As universal, it may be added, as the "fingers before forks" method of conveying the chosen portions to the mouth: "In all Abyssinia Ras Tafari is probably the only person of note who in the seclusion of his own hearth habitually lives and eats in a European way."

To sum up: United Heaven and Ethiopia (the native colours, red, yellow, and green, from the rainbow, typify the wedding) is at the cross-roads. The way it will take depends upon the tact and the reasonableness of its counsellors, within and without. All is not Addis Ababa, Africa with the motor-car and a veneer of the European brand of Civilisation; and, though it be well to hasten, it is better to hasten slowly. Mr. Rey quotes Bacon: "It were good that men in their innovations would follow the example of Time itself, which, indeed, innovateth greatly, but quietly and by degrees scarce to be perceived." Wise words!

Altogether: "In the Country of the Blue Nile," which, by the way, is introduced ably, if briefly, by Lord Edward Gleichen, is as entertaining as it is enlightening, and must certainly be added to the list of Books That Must be Read.

E. H. G.



THE EMPRESS OF ABYSSINIA AND THE HEIR TO THE THRONE, WHO ACTS AS REGENT: HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY (VEILED) SEATED UNDER A CANOPY; WITH HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS RAS TAFARI ON THE LEFT OF THE PHOTOGRAPH (SEATED).

The photograph was taken when the Empress and the Heir to the Throne were assisting at the Dance of the Priests at the religious festival of the Maskal. H.I.H. Ras Tafari, G.C.M.G., G.C.B., was proclaimed Heir to the Throne when Waizeru Zauditu was nominated Empress. He acts as Regent, and much of the exercise of power is in his capable hands. He was born in 1891, son of Ras Makonnen, and great-nephew of Menelik.

Reproduced from "In the Country of the Blue Nile," by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publishers, Messrs. Duckworth.

Abyssinians. "They fear that should large works, costing (to their ideas) immense sums of money, and directed by foreign engineers, be erected in their country, they might be opening the way to foreign invasion and the possible loss of their independence. Should, for example, a fanatical priest or a band of *shifitas* assassinate some of the foreigners, or cause damage to the works, then an excuse would be afforded for the entry of troops along the newly-made



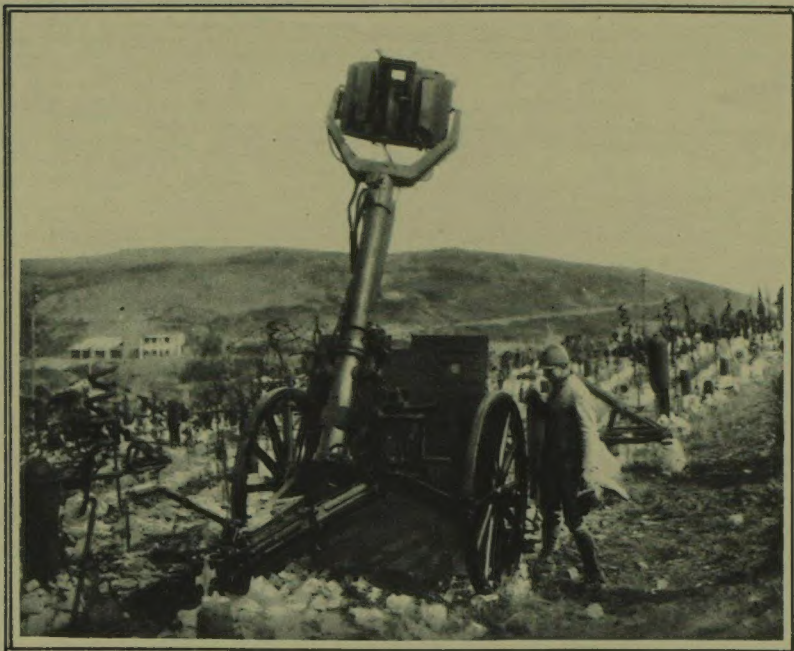
IN ATTIRE GIVING AN IMPRESSION OF QUEEN VICTORIA, FOR WHOM SHE HAD SINCERE ADMIRATION: H.I.M. ZAUDITU, EMPRESS OF ABYSSINIA, G.C.M.G.

Waizeru Zauditu, a daughter of King Menelik, was nominated Empress in September 1916, on the deposition of Lij Yasu by public proclamation. She was crowned at Addis Ababa on February 11, 1917. She was born in 1876.

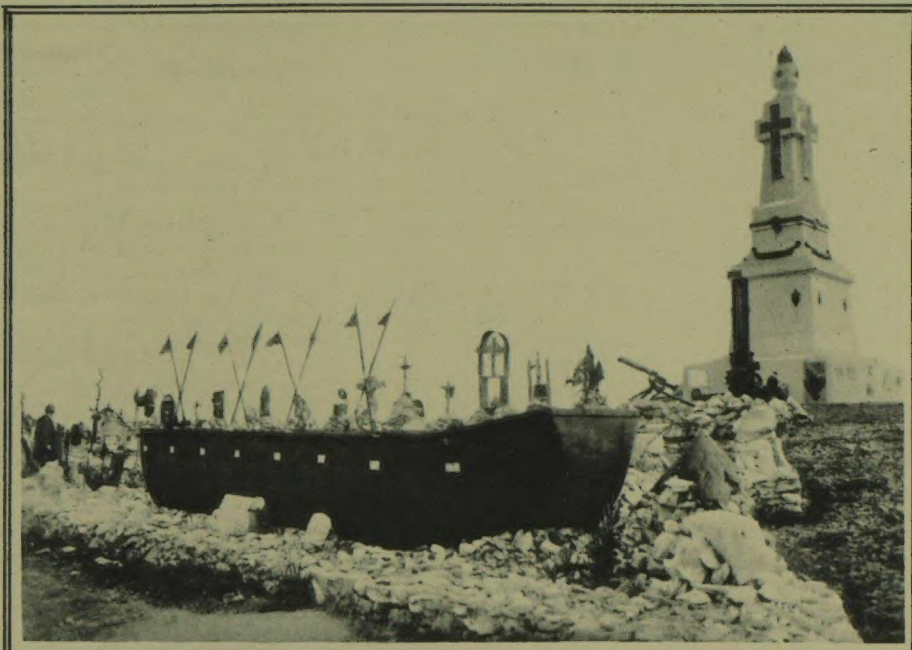
Reproduced from "In the Country of the Blue Nile," by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publishers, Messrs. Duckworth.

* "In the Country of the Blue Nile." By C. F. Rey, F.R.G.S., Commander of the Order of the Star of Ethiopia; Author of "Unconquered Abyssinia As It Is To-day," etc. With a Foreword by Major-General Lord Edward Gleichen, K.C.V.O., C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. Illustrated. (Duckworth; 25s. net.)

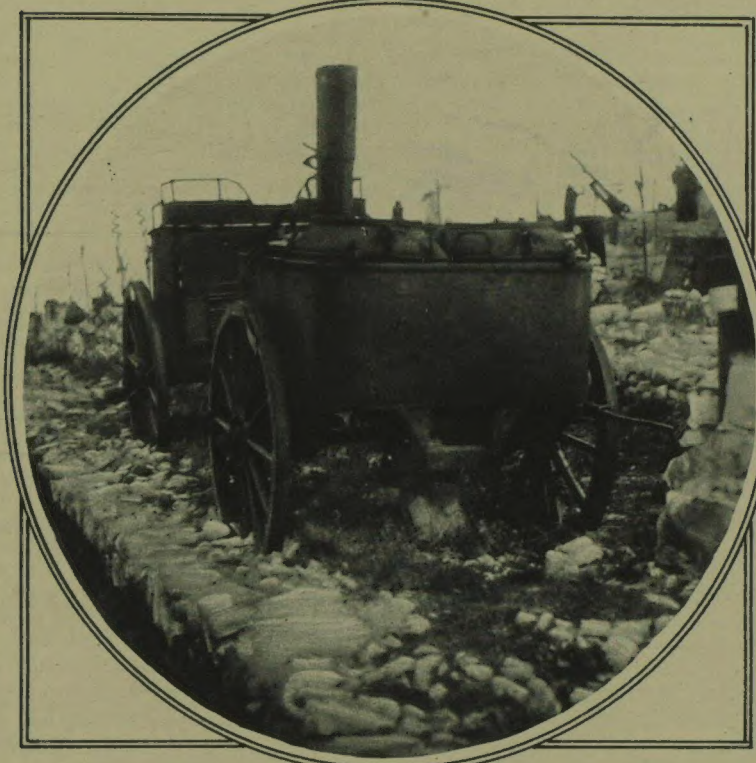
WEAPONS AND IMPLEMENTS AS "HEAD-STONES": A UNIQUE WAR CEMETERY.



A DAMAGED SEARCHLIGHT OVER THE GRAVE OF ITS CREW NEAR THE SPOT WHERE THEY FELL: A STRANGE "HEADSTONE" IN THE WAR CEMETERY ON ST. ELIA HILL.



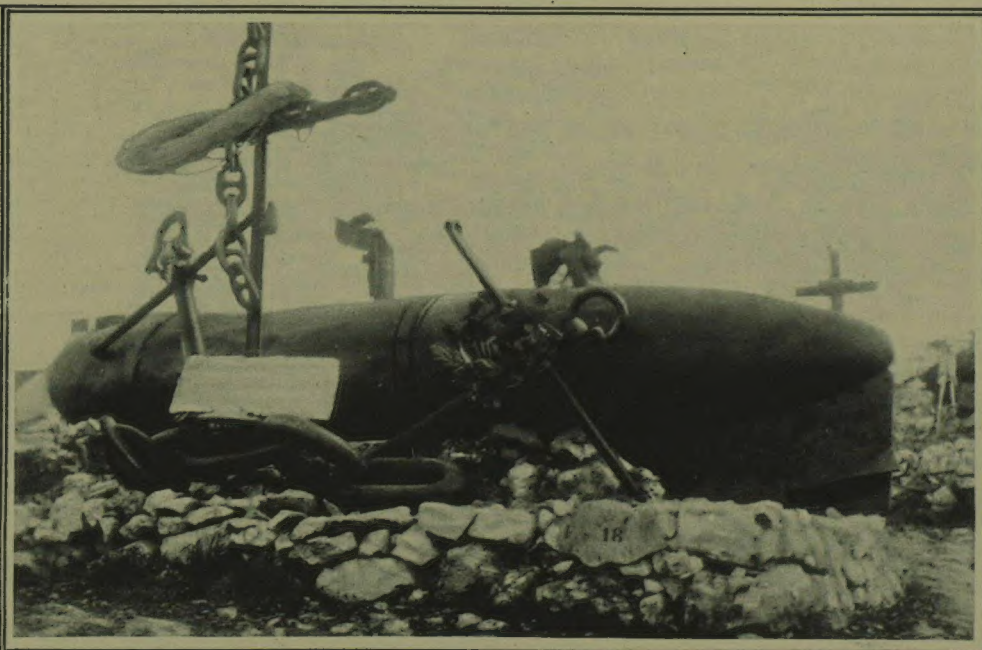
A PONTOON ON THE GRAVE OF ITALIAN PIONEERS KILLED ON THE ISONZO: A VIEW SHOWING (IN RIGHT BACKGROUND) THE MONUMENT SURMOUNTING THE HILL OF ST. ELIA.



A FIELD-KITCHEN AS "HEADSTONE" ON THE GRAVE OF SOME ITALIAN MILITARY COOKS: A MEMORIAL IN THE STRANGEST OF WAR CEMETERIES.



ADORNED WITH THE DEAD MAN'S BICYCLE, RIFLE, AND PLUMED CAP: THE GRAVE OF A BERSAGLIERI CYCLIST IN THE ST. ELIA WAR CEMETERY.



WITH A TORPEDO, ANCHOR, AND CHAIN AS THEIR MONUMENT: THE GRAVE OF A DETACHMENT OF ITALIAN MARINES WHO FELL NEAR THIS SPOT.



A CLERK'S GRAVE SURMOUNTED BY A TYPEWRITER: A PECULIAR FORM OF COMMEMORATION ACCOMPANIED BY A QUAIN INSCRIPTION.

"The strangest war cemetery in the world," says the correspondent who sends us these remarkable photographs, "is to be found on the St. Elia Hill, near the banks of the River Isonzo, where the Italians suffered their heaviest losses during the war. The entire hill is one immense burial ground, with grave after grave in endless rows, and over each, as a memento of the fallen, is some piece of war material—a weapon, machine, or implement—associated in some way with the dead man's military service. More than 30,000 Italians are buried in this curious

cemetery." The memorials, it will be seen, include a searchlight, a pontoon, a field-kitchen, a bicycle, a torpedo, with anchor and chain, and even a typewriter. With this last is an inscription (faintly legible in the photograph) which appears to run something like this: "To many persons unknown, if at any time I have occasioned you annoyance by errors, while you sprang up proudly at the cry of 'Savoy!', bethink you that I, too, have a little glory—you beat the foe and I the 'Victory.'" "Victory" was probably the name of a typewriter.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

MY ante-chamber is becoming inconveniently crowded with distinguished authors, and, even if Dr. Johnson himself turned up, with a new edition of his dictionary, I fear he would have to be kept waiting. I should, however, see that he had all the illustrated papers, and invite him, of course, to sit on the chesterfield.

Among my most distinguished clients is one whose name I am proud to have on the list. His new book—or rather, his new prose anthology from his old and famous books, "The Golden Bough" and many others—is called "MAN, GOD, AND IMMORTALITY": Thoughts on Human Progress. Passages chosen from the Writings of Sir James George Frazer, O.M., F.R.S. Revised and edited by the Author (Macmillan; 15s.). Here we have the quintessence of a great anthropologist's work, his "general conclusions" regarding early society and religion "disengaged from the heavy masses of facts on which they are founded." Some of these conclusions bear on current theological controversies regarding the Sacraments, and on the origin of Christmas and other Church festivals.

Sir James Frazer is an "excavator" of the savage mind. As our readers have good cause to know, the material spade has of late revealed many a wonder of the past, and they will, I am sure, welcome a book that forms an ideal popular introduction to the romance of archæology—namely, "THE GLAMOUR OF NEAR EAST EXCAVATION," by James Baikie, F.R.A.S. With many illustrations (Seeley, Service; 10s. 6d.). It is further described as "an account of the treasure-hunt for the buried art, wisdom, and history of the ancient East, from the Nile to Babylon." As Mr. Baikie says, "Unless excavation can help us to see the past as a living thing, it is the most useless of all vain labours." His own book is a valuable aid to such vision.

Some voyagers there be who happily combine a love of the living past with the still more living present. Of such is the young American who has retraced the wanderings of Odysseus, from Troy to Ithaca, and described it all, with infinite zest and humour, in "THE GLORIOUS ADVENTURE." By Richard Halliburton. Illustrated (Bles; 16s.). His Odyssey included several episodes unknown to Homer, for, among other things, he swam the Hellespont, ran the Marathon over the original course, visited Rupert Brooke's grave in Skyros, and climbed Olympus, Stromboli, Vesuvius, and Etna.

In a more serious but no less romantic vein, befitting the haunts of a sombre race—in contrast to

The young, light-hearted masters of the wave—past and present in North Africa are vividly blended in "THE BREATH OF THE DESERT": The Account of a Journey through Algeria and Tunisia. By Ferdinand Ossendowski. Translated by Lewis Stanton Palen. Illustrated (George Allen and Unwin; 16s.). The route runs by majestic ruins recalling the dominance of Rome after the conquest of Carthage, southward through desert ways; and among descriptions of modern native life are some poignant love stories that lift the veil from the soul of the Arab woman.

While on African soil I must mention four other notable books emanating from various parts of that continent. "THE CONFESSIONS OF A TENDERFOOT COASTER." By Warren Henry. With Photographs (Witherby; 16s.) is an outspoken account of trading life in Grand Lahou, a "little-developed and less-known French colony" on the West African coast. Especially interesting is a chapter called "The Woman—and Tondelayo," wherein the author contrasts the heroine of "White Cargo" with realities, but commends the play in other respects as a true picture.

From East Africa come two books which describe respectively the workaday life and recreations of the present in a fast-developing colony, and pioneer trail-blazing in a not very remote past. The first is "KENYA WAYS." By M. Aline Buxton. Illustrated (Edward Arnold; 12s. 6d.), which, to quote a foreword by Major W. M. Crowdy, is "vivid with the actuality that only experience can impart." It also includes sporting experiences. The second is "TO THE MYSTERIOUS LORIAN SWAMP." By Captain C. Wightwick Haywood, formerly District Commissioner, Kenya Colony, and Political Officer, Jubaland. With illustrations and a Map (Seeley, Service; 21s.). This is the story of an "adventurous and arduous journey of exploration through the vast waterless tracts of unknown Jubaland." Politically, Jubaland has now ceased to exist, and since it was ceded to Italy last year has been

renamed Somalia; but, when Captain Haywood first traversed it, the region was unexplored. The results of his work and that of later travellers filled a blank on the map. His narrative is one of many-sided interest, and not without thrills, as on the occasion when he was "bowled over" by a charging lion.

Trekking south, I come to "THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BORDER POLICEMAN." A Narrative of War and Adventure in Bechuanaland and Matabeleland. By Lieut.-Col. H. L. Stevens, D.S.O. (Witherby; 16s.). "Autobiography" is perhaps hardly the word for a book that covers only about two years of early manhood—but that is a detail. They were two years of hard service and hard fighting with the Bechuanaland Border Police, and the author describes them in forceful, hard-bitten style—writes, in fact, like a trooper. A casual talk with Cecil

these books contain stories of sudden killings and rough justice; both are stirring chronicles from the life of action.

The last three books record the doings of Europeans in the Americas. Conversely, those of some well-known Americans abroad are related in "CLEARED FOR STRANGE PORTS." By Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt senior; Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt; Richard Derby; and Kermit Roosevelt. Illustrated (Scribner; 12s. 6d.). This is a family "variorum" opening with "The Odyssey of a Grandmother," while the other items include a train journey on the Soviet Trans-Siberian, and hunting trips in Korea and (after tigers) in Mysore and Nepal. Mr. Kermit Roosevelt alludes, incidentally, to former expeditions with his father in Africa and Brazil, and the book as a whole, with its note of eager vitality, shows how the late President communicated to all about him his love of nature and his adventurous spirit.

To Our Readers and Photographers at Home and Abroad.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" has always been famed for its treatment of the various branches of Science.

Its archæological articles and illustrations are known throughout the world, and its pages dealing with Natural History and Ethnology are of equal value. These and other subjects are dealt with in our pages in a more extensive way than in any other illustrated weekly journal. We take this opportunity, therefore, of urging our readers to forward to us photographs of interest in these branches of Science. Few people visiting the less-known parts of the world fail to equip themselves with cameras, and we wish to inform explorers and others who travel that we are glad to consider photographs which show curious customs of various nationalities, civilised and uncivilised, their sports, habits, and costumes; in fact, anything of a little-known or unusual character.

We are very pleased to receive, also, photographs dealing with Natural History in all its branches, especially those which are of a novel description. Our pages deal thoroughly with unfamiliar habits of birds, animals, fishes, and insects.

To Archæologists we make a special appeal to send us the results of recent discoveries.

In addition, we are glad to consider photographs or rough sketches illustrating important events throughout the world; but such contributions should be forwarded by the quickest possible route, immediately after the events.

We welcome and pay well for all outside contributions published by us, and, in the event of any contributions being unsuitable for "The Illustrated London News," we will, at the request of the sender, pass the material to our own distributing agency, in order that it may have a chance of being placed elsewhere.

Contributions should be addressed to: The Editor, *The Illustrated London News*, 15, Essex Street, Strand, London W.C.2.

Rhodes and a glimpse of "Dr. Jim," two years before the Jameson Raid, were among his final experiences before he took his discharge and joined the Natal Mounted Police.

The changes and chances of literary travel take me now across the Atlantic. I little knew what a much-travelled man I was meeting when I was introduced, some years ago, to the author of "ON THE OLD TRAIL, THROUGH BRITISH COLUMBIA AFTER FORTY YEARS." By Morley Roberts. (Nash; 12s. 6d.). I knew him then only as a novelist; I know him now, through this book, as an old-timer who took part in the making of modern Canada, and stood on the site of Vancouver when there was no city there. A fine, stimulating book this, and a useful contribution to the literature of emigration.

Kindred spirits recount experiences of "roughing it," further south, in "SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF A WESTERN RANCHMAN. NEW MEXICO, 1883-99." By the Hon. William French. (Methuen; 10s. 6d.), and "THE LAND OF TO-MORROW: A MULE-BACK TREK THROUGH THE SWAMPS AND FORESTS OF EASTERN BOLIVIA." By Henry M. Grey. With Photographs and a Map. (Witherby; 12s. 6d.). Captain French tells of cattle-ranching and broncho-busting, the trials of a tenderfoot, and the Indian wars. Mr. Grey, after the rubber "boom" sixteen years ago, went out to manage a plantation in Bolivia, and encountered much adventure and not a little danger. Both

Lord Grey has told us how President Roosevelt enjoyed a walk through English woodlands to study the notes of our songsters. Clearly, then, he would have revelled in "THE CHARM OF BIRDS." By Viscount Grey of Fallodon. With Woodcuts by Robert Gibbings (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d.). This distinguished author is much too modest in assessing his own work, and it behoves a reviewer to observe the charm of Lord Grey, both as writer and as naturalist. Remembering the pursuits—including tenure of the Foreign Office during the greatest ordeal in England's history—that went to the composition of "Twenty-Five Years," one can accept his dry observation that "my opportunities for watching birds have been intermittent." But those opportunities have been put to excellent use and have resulted in a delightful book.

Lord Grey classes books on British birds in three categories—coloured representations; manuals of exhaustive information; and personal observation of particular birds or species. Those of the second category, he says, are invaluable, and among other writers he commends the author of "A MANUAL OF BRITISH BIRDS." By Howard Saunders. Third Edition, revised and enlarged by William Eagle Clarke. With 405 Figures of Species (Gurney and Jackson; 30s.). I need hardly add anything to Lord Grey's testimonial, except to say that in the new edition both the text and drawings are admirably clear. Exigencies of space compel me to dismiss in few words a whole covey of other attractive bird books. Chief among them is a truly royal volume about the king of birds, beautifully illustrated, by a naturalist photographer well known to our readers—in fact, a few of the numerous photographs have already appeared in our pages. I refer to "THE BOOK OF THE GOLDEN EAGLE." By Captain C. W. R. Knight, M.C., F.R.P.S., F.Z.S. (Hodder and Stoughton; 21s.). As the Duke of Sutherland says in a preface: "Captain Knight has admirably portrayed for the public, both in his films and in his book, this greatest of our birds."

To Lord Grey's third category belongs a book by one who, like Cassius, is "a great observer," reads much in the pages of Nature, and "looks quite through" the deeds of birds. It is called "REALITIES OF BIRD LIFE." Being Extracts from the Diaries of a Life-loving Naturalist. By Edmund Selous. With an Introduction by Julian S. Huxley. (Constable; 14s.). The author utters a warning note, that he is chiefly interested in "the nuptial activities" of birds, but hints—rightly, I think—that this predilection will not probably deter many modern readers.

That remarkable bird, the avocet, which Mr. Selous observed in Holland, forms a link between his book and "AMONG OUR BANISHED BIRDS." By Bentley Beetham, F.Z.S., F.R.G.S., Member of the 1924 Mount Everest Expedition. Illustrated (Edward Arnold; 10s. 6d.). This book is illustrated with beautiful photographs, and written with a definite purpose—to lure back rare birds that once resorted here but have been driven away. "A rare bird no sooner alights upon our shores," says Mr. Beetham, "than nearly every one who sees it seems bent on its destruction." Happily there is growing up a public opinion (which this paper, through Mr. Pycraft, has had no little share in fostering) hostile to such indiscriminate slaughter. Mr. Beetham sets out to show what must be done to induce our feathered exiles to return.

Now I must close, for the night is far spent, and breakfast is at hand; whereafter is lit, as Sir William Harcourt observed when visiting Tennyson (in his host's phrase), "the earliest pipe of half-awakened birds." C. E. B.

PERSIAN SCULPTURE SOME 5000 YEARS OLD; NEW DISCOVERIES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PROFESSOR ERNST HERZFELD. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON PAGE 926.)



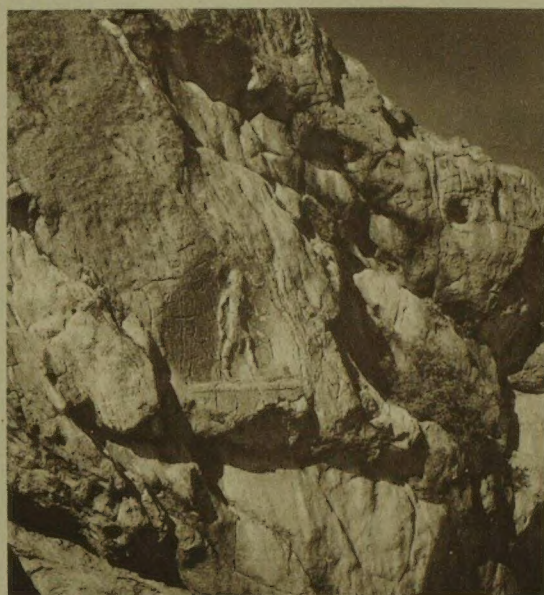
1. THE OLDEST ROCK-SCULPTURE HITHERTO FOUND IN WESTERN ASIA: RELIEFS DATING FROM ABOUT 3000 B.C. CARVED ON ALMOST INACCESSIBLE ROCKS AT KURANGUN, FAR, AND REPRESENTING A KING, WITH HIS NUMEROUS FOLLOWERS, WORSHIPPING A PAIR OF SEATED GODS.



2. CARVED ON A PERSIAN ROCK NEARLY 5000 YEARS AGO: DETAIL OF THE RELIEFS SHOWN IN THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH (NO. 1)—THE TWO SEATED GODS.



3. PERSIAN ROCK-CUT ARCHITECTURE OF THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C.: THE TOMBS OF THE ACHÆMENIDS AT NAKSH-E-RUSTAM.



4. DATING FROM 2700 B.C. AND ARTISTICALLY AKIN TO NO. 1: A ROCK-SCULPTURE OF KING ANUBANI, AT SARPUL, WITH A NEWLY-FOUND INSCRIPTION.



5. FROM THE CAPITAL OF CYRUS THE GREAT: A FOUR-WINGED ANGEL CARVED ON A DOOR-POST AT PASARGADÆ (559-550 B.C.).



6. THE ONCE LOFTY CITADEL OF PASARGADÆ, CAPITAL OF CYRUS THE GREAT, BUILT BETWEEN 559 AND 550 B.C.: THE SUBSTRUCTURE OF A TERRACE—THE SIZE OF THE HUGE BLOCKS BEING INDICATED BY THE HUMAN FIGURE STANDING BESIDE THE WALL.



7. PERSIAN POTTERY NEARLY 5000 YEARS OLD: A FINELY SHAPED AND DECORATED VESSEL FROM CENTRAL PERSIA (C. 3000 B.C.).

Persia offers a vast field for archaeological research, which has not yet been fully explored, but many remarkable discoveries have been made there within the last few years by Professor Ernst Herzfeld, the well-known German archaeologist, and he has undertaken to contribute to this paper a series of four illustrated articles on his most important results. The first article appears on page 926 of this issue, written in connection with the above photographs, and referring to them by their respective numbers. The four articles cover successive periods of Persian remains, this first one beginning with a prehistoric epoch nearly 5000 years ago, and ending with discoveries at Pasargadæ, the capital of Cyrus the Great, built

in the middle of the sixth century B.C. The second article will deal with Persepolis and the palaces of Darius and Xerxes; the third with Roman and early Christian times; and the fourth with a later period, including relics of the eleventh century A.D. Describing photographs Nos. 1 and 2 above, Professor Herzfeld says: "The very oldest rock-sculpture hitherto discovered not only in Iran (Persia), but in Western Asia, is that of Kurangûn in the Mamaseni region of Fars, a district almost inaccessible even to-day, when safety prevails over the whole empire of Reza Shah Pahlavi. The sculpture shows a king, with a numerous suite, in adoration before a seated pair of gods."

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

"CYRANO DE BERGERAC."—MISS MOLLIE KERR.

IN that memorable evening of Dec. 27, 1897, when Rostand cast all other French poets into the shade, in that hyperbolic enthusiasm so dear to Parisians they placed him for a time on the same pedestal with Victor Hugo. Nor was the sweet cup of universal praise spoilt by many bitter drops of depreciation. The *Mercur de France* alone, the organ of the writers of the Latin Quarter, ventured to join issue with the "Hallelujahs" and published a criticism which sounded uncommonly like "*Conspuez Cyrano!*"

But Rostand, with his exquisite lyre, with a *panache* even more his own than Cyrano's, came at the right time to restore to the French public—sick unto death from over-feeding on neurotic problem plays and indecent comedies—some of that love of gaiety, of that admiration for romantic heroism, which is, after all, innate in every human being, whether French or otherwise.

That in a country where dramatic poesy is by no means extinct the halo of the masterpiece should have been conferred upon "Cyrano" is by no means astonishing; nor must we find it strange that Rostand achieved the incredible distinction of being coupled with the immortal Hugo. Both manifestations are very easily explained. The play of "Cyrano" unites more of the elements of the romantic drama than any other dramatic poem of the last decades—more than any Coppée or Bornier, Parodi or Déroulède. There is a powerful love interest; there is the incomparable bravery and audacity of Cyrano, his strength of character, his chivalrous self-denial, his reticence to proclaim his love for Roxane, until well-nigh in his last breath the truth bursts out in the magnificent lines: "*Non, non, mon cher amour, je ne vous aimais pas*"; there is the note of gaiety in the delightful couple of the Ragueneaus, in the boisterous young cadets, in the jovial monk; there is patriotism, jubilant at first, then glorified in the death of Christian; there is a glimpse into the splendid era of le Roi Soleil—in fine, everything to evoke smiles and palpitations and tears.

So far there is every reason to endorse the judgment of Paris; but when it comes to pairing Rostand with Hugo, a poet to whom no one dared to compare even the splendid Théodore de Banville, a little reflection will produce a demurrer. For if ever the language of the gods was uttered with the grandeur and the assurance of a god, Victor Hugo did it. His inspiration was as boundless as the flight of his imagination was sublime; and if both sometimes led him into regions where no ordinary mortals could venture to follow him—regions where the sublime is always imperceptibly divided from the bombastic—yet he would never descend into the lower depths of the commonplace in expression or form. But Rostand, admirable as the major part of his work is—for there is richness of thought, facility of wording, and most unbroken melody of verse—sometimes forgets the *milieu* of his drama, and indulges in modern phrasing, which for a while destroys the harmony of his conception; he also treats his rhyme too often with levity, transgressing the laws of rhythm, which in French are, if not too strict, somewhat severe. These are weaknesses, but to me it appears as if Rostand, who was undoubtedly a dramatist, and in the second place a poet, would sacrifice everything in order to obtain a dramatic effect, and the result is not always happy.

For all that—and the admission of which seems surprising, since the mastery of Rostand as a dramatist

has been so much belauded—I prefer to read the play than to see it; for as a drama it fails to satisfy me, while as a poem, divorced from the dramatic form and the countless interpolations which serve but as foils to the central character, its lyricism is so fascinating that one would feign possess the power to set it to music.

It would be so easy to belittle the English version. The man (or woman) is yet to be born who could

banal in English; nor have they succeeded in coining a memorable equivalent to the famous lines in which Cyrano reveals his life's secret. Equally easy as discounting the translation would it be to reflect on Robert Loraine's Cyrano by comparison, notably in quoting Coquelin, who was by no means the ideal Cyrano. I have heard Cyrano in many languages in many countries, and with this experience, now, as in 1919 when he created the part, I repeat Loraine's Cyrano stands shoulder-to-shoulder with the best. What width of conception, what grace of gait and gesture, what distinction of diction, what understanding of the swaggering yet chivalrous humour of the Gascon! And the real metal of this artist shone, not so much in scenes of love and skirmish, as in the interminable death scene. It taxes all technique; it taxes imagination; it borders on the grotesque.

But Loraine was pathetic, and the ebbing out of a valorous soul was designed in fine shading of word and movement—a splendid achievement.

Amongst our youngest actresses the two outstanding personalities are Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson and Miss Mollie Kerr. Of the former I have often spoken on this page, and I would now chronicle the great impression Miss Mollie Kerr made in her own production of "The Peaceful Thief," by Miss Audrey Lucas. The play calls for no comment. It is evidently a firstling of the type that budding dramatists attempt when they think that they are equipped, and peep into life through the angle of their young imagination and fortify their novitiate by reminiscences of what they have read and seen. Miss Audrey Lucas has already the gift of writing humorous dialogue—in patches; what she has yet to learn, apart from character-drawing, is technique. I could make a little list of her shortcomings in this respect—archaic situations, clumsy devices, evident difficulties to move her people off and on; but no doubt Miss Lucas has, by the object-lesson of the production at the Arts Theatre, seen where her play creaks and misses fire.

Such interest as it created came mainly from the remarkable *savoir-faire* of Miss Mollie Kerr. The moment she appears there is atmosphere, there is somebody who invites attention, who prepossesses by a peculiar charm and a certain aloofness of manner that distinguish her from the ordinary ingénue. She is one of those artists who achieve effect without effort. All she does is natural; she makes us smile by

her seeming nonchalance in uttering funny sayings; she moves us by the very restraint of her emotion. Here is a distinct temperament; one feels what is moving her within, without any attempt on her part to force it home. Her method has, in some respects, the faults of its qualities—a fault all too common on our stage of to-day. In her spontaneous naturalness she sometimes forgets the distance between stage and auditorium. Intent to be as real as the speech of ordinary human beings, the dialogue ripples from her lips like the babbling waters of the brook, and in that fluency words and sentences lose their coinage. We have to strain our ears; we sometimes fail to catch the meaning of what she says. And yet we never cease to be held by her; our eye dwells in fascination on this comely, lively, somewhat mystic personality who appeals to our intelligence, who, in every respect a girl up-to-date in freedom, common-sense, assurance, is totally different from nearly all

other actresses. Nor have we yet discovered all her possibilities. Personally, I think that she is destined to be an emotional actress of much power. Already she is a *comédienne* remarkable beyond her years.



A WAR HERO SHOWS HIS SON HOW HE GAINED THE V.C.: PIPER LAIDLAW WITH HIS WIFE AND LITTLE BOY IN TRENCHES REPRESENTING THE SCENE OF HIS EXPLOIT, RECONSTRUCTED ON ENGLISH SOIL FOR THE FILM "GUNS OF LOOS."

remould the grace and *panache* of French into the more weighty, stately idiom of English. So in fairness let it be said that the two ladies who have—in the wake of Louis N. Parker—attempted the perilous ascent have avoided many crevasses, albeit they have not reached the summit. There is swing and sometimes



PIPER LAIDLAW, V.C. (EXTREME LEFT BACKGROUND) RE-ENACTING ON ENGLISH SOIL HIS GALLANT ACTION AT LOOS, BEFORE HIS WIFE AND SON (IN RIGHT FOREGROUND): THE FILMING OF A DRAMATIC SCENE IN "GUNS OF LOOS" AT GRAYS, ESSEX.

In the making of the new British war film, "Guns of Loos," at Grays, Essex, where the trenches and battlefield have been realistically reconstructed, the famous Scottish V.C., Piper Laidlaw, re-enacted his exploit in the presence of his wife and son. During the battle of Loos, it will be recalled, he played his pipes up and down the parapet to hearten the troops as they went "over the top." This remarkable film, of which we gave other scenes in our last issue, is being produced by Mr. S. Hill, of Stoll Pictures Productions.

melody when they are rhythmical; nor is it their fault that the poetry stumbles on the lips of the speaker. It is when they are colloquial that they forget that what does not fall out of tune in French sounds

"CHANG" SCENES NOT FOR THE FILM: A *KHEDDAH* OF WILD ELEPHANTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JOHNSON.



"YOU COULD WALK OVER THE MASSIVE BACKS OF THE TERRIFIED HERD": A CLOSE PHALANX OF WILD ELEPHANTS CAPTURED AND CORRALLED (AS IN "CHANG"), AND A TRAINED DECOY ELEPHANT (*KOONKIE*) ENTERING THE TRAP TO BEGIN THE ROPING-OUT OPERATION, AT A *KHEDDAH* IN MYSORE.

The now-famous film of Siamese jungle life, "Chang" (the native name for the wild elephant), ends with the capture of the herd that had destroyed a village. Here we illustrate a similar scene, not photographed for the films, taking place in Mysore. The trapping of wild elephants, as watched by the Prince of Wales in India some years ago, is an exciting affair. First, they are rounded up in the jungle by beaters, with fire and noise, and driven into a trenched ring, and then along a gradually converging fenced track into a *kheddah*, or stockaded enclosure, where they are

[Continued opposite.]



DRAGGING CAPTURED WILD ELEPHANTS TO WATER: TWO POWERFUL *KOONKIES* (TRAINED DECOY ELEPHANTS) HAULING THEM ALONG WITH STRONG HAWSERS.

[Continued.] roped and led away captive one by one. Once the herd is within the V-shaped track, it is not difficult to drive them into the *kheddah*. Guns are fired, bonfires lighted, tom-toms beaten, and cholera-horns blown. The yelling of beaters, and trumpeting of the cows in the wild herd, answered by tame decoy elephants, or *koonkies*, add to the din, which is redoubled when the huge beasts find themselves trapped and unable to escape. Then follows the most thrilling scene of all, when trainers on tame elephants enter the stockade to noose and hobble their enormous prisoners with stout hawsers.

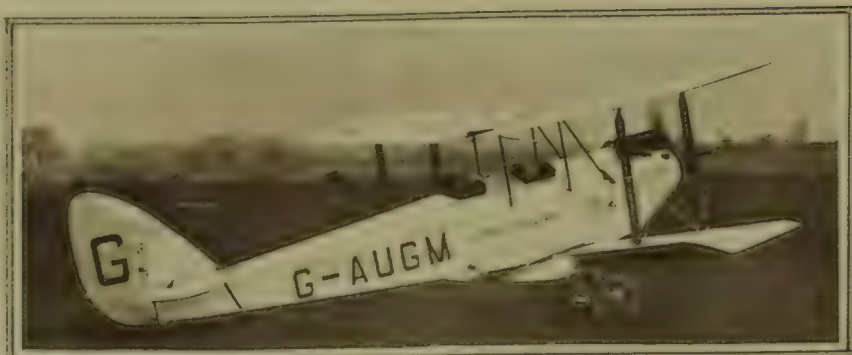
FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEW ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



A REMARKABLE "CRASH" WITHOUT FATAL RESULTS: AN AEROPLANE, WHOSE TAIL HAD BEEN CUT OFF BY ANOTHER IN MID-AIR, LYING UPSIDE DOWN, AFTER SOMERSAULTING, IN THE DESERT NEAR SUEZ.



A SEAPLANE "CRASH" ON LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA: THE "PELICAN" NOSE DOWN IN THE WATER JUST AFTER CAPTAIN BAILEY AND HIS MECHANIC HAD BEEN RESCUED BY BOAT.



A MACHINE FOR "THE FLYING CLERGYMAN": A "MOTH" AEROPLANE FOR USE BY A PARISH PRIEST IN A SCATTERED DISTRICT OF AUSTRALIA BEING TESTED AT EDWARE BY ANOTHER CLERGYMAN AND HIS SON.



CROSS-CHANNEL AIR SERVICE AMENITIES DEMONSTRATED IN THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW: A FULL-SIZED MODEL OF THE PASSENGER SALOON IN AN IMPERIAL AIRWAYS "SILVER-WING" LONDON-PARIS AIR LINER.



LONDON'S GREATEST UNIVERSITY "RAG": A BATTLE OF FLOUR, ROTTEN FRUIT, AND VEGETABLES AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, WHERE DEFENDERS OF "PHINEAS" ROUTED INVADERS FROM KING'S COLLEGE.



CACTI MADE SELF-ILLUMINATING, LIKE GLOW-WORMS, BY INJECTIONS OF PHOSPHORUS: A REMARKABLE EXPERIMENT IN HORTICULTURE EXHIBITED BY A GERMAN GARDENER AT A BERLIN FLOWER SHOW



CELEBRATING THE THIRTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE MOTOR-CAR'S "EMANCIPATION": THE FIRST CADILLAC BROUGHT TO EUROPE TAKING PART IN AN "OLD CROCKS" RUN FROM LONDON TO BRIGHTON.



THE FIRST FILM DEPOSITED AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM: PRESENTING A COPY OF "CHANG," TO BE KEPT HERMETICALLY SEALED FOR FIFTY YEARS—(ON LEFT) DR. HERBERT SMITH, ASSISTANT SECRETARY.

A remarkable air accident occurred near Suez on November 1. Two Service aeroplanes collided, and one had its tail cut off in mid-air. Rough ground caused the machine to "somersault" on landing. The pilot and mechanic, however, escaped without serious injury. The other machine landed safely with a damaged propeller.—On October 17 the seaplane "Pelican," piloted by Captain Bailey, fell into Lake Victoria Nyanza off Kisumu while re-starting the air service between that place and Khartum.—At Stag Lane aerodrome the other day the Rev. F. Bate, Secretary of the Colonial and Continental Church Society, made a test

flight, with his son, in a "Moth" aeroplane, which is, to go to Australia for the use of the Rev. L. Daniels, "the flying clergyman," on parochial visits in his scattered parish of Wilcannia, in New South Wales.—On November 10, about 1000 students fought a battle, with rotten fruit and vegetables, flour and hose-pipes, at University College, Gower Street, which was invaded by King's College men.—Our last photograph shows (left to right) Dr. G. F. Herbert Smith, Mr. J. C. Graham, Manager of the Famous-Lasky Film Company, Mr. C. Tate Regan, Keeper of Zoology, and Dr. W. T. Calman, Deputy Keeper.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: PICTORIAL RECORDS OF NOTABLE EVENTS.



THE SCENE OF A FATAL FIRE AT WINDSOR, IN WHICH TWO LIVES WERE LOST AND OVER SIXTY PEOPLE RENDERED HOMELESS: THE BURNT-OUT RUINS OF ELM FLATS.



A TRAGIC EVENT IN THE AUSTRALIAN PARLIAMENT AT CANBERRA: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN JUST BEFORE THE CLERK OF THE HOUSE, MR. J. R. MCGREGOR (LEFT FIGURE SEATED WITH BACK TO SPEAKER) SUDDENLY COLLAPSED AND DIED



A WAR OFFICE DEMONSTRATION OF TANKS ON SURREY COMMONS TO SHOW HOW LITTLE DAMAGE THEY DO: A "TANKETTE" AT TUNNEL HILL, MYTCHETT PARK, ON RECONNAISSANCE WORK.



SHOWING HOW LITTLE IMPRESSION A HEAVY TANK MAKES BY TRAVERSING HEATHLAND: ONE OF THE LARGER MACHINES IN THE DEMONSTRATION AT MYTCHETT COMMON, SURREY.



AT THE DEMONSTRATION GIVEN IN VIEW OF THE RECENT MOVEMENT FOR THE PROTECTION OF SURREY COMMONS FROM MECHANICAL MILITARY OPERATIONS: TANKS AND SPECTATORS.

At Windsor, in the early hours of November 10, fire broke out in a block of tenements known as Elm Flats, housing twelve families, comprising nineteen adults and forty-five children. Two of the occupants perished—Mrs. Sarah Adams, a widow, whose daughter is in service at Windsor Castle, and Mr. C. L. Bull, steward of the Windsor Territorial Club. Many of the others had narrow escapes, and all were rendered homeless, as the whole building was gutted. Fine rescue work was done by inmates and neighbours. The King and Queen sent messages of sympathy and subscribed to the relief fund organised by the Mayor.—The first session of the Australian Federal Parliament in the new buildings at Canberra was marred by a tragic incident—the sudden collapse and death of Mr. J. R.



A TANKETTE GOING AT FULL SPEED OVER SOFT GROUND: ONE OF A NUMBER OF MILITARY MECHANICAL VEHICLES IN THE DEMONSTRATION.

McGregor, the Clerk of the House. Our photograph, which was taken only a few moments before, shows the Prime Minister, Mr. S. M. Bruce, seated on the left side of the same table.—In view of the recent movement for the preservation of certain commons in West Surrey, over which the Army Council propose to acquire manorial rights, a demonstration of the effect of tanks and other mechanical military vehicles was given on the Fox Hills range at Ash on November 12. Among those watching were the Secretary for War (Sir Laming Worthington-Evans) and Lord Midleton, chairman of the sub-committee formed after a recent conference on the subject. Lord Midleton afterwards stated that he and members of his committee had been much impressed by the small amount of damage done



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

TARANTULAS AND THE "TARANTELE."

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

A FEW days ago I received a letter from one of my readers asking me to write an article on the Tarantula, about which there were many things he much desired to know. As I am always grateful for such suggestions, I hasten to fulfil that request, feeling sure that there are many who will find this theme of interest. A certain glamour surrounds the tarantula spider on account of the strange



FIG. 1.—CARRYING HER EGGS IN A SILKEN BAG BETWEEN HER HIND-LEGS (TOP OF PHOTOGRAPH): A FEMALE TARANTULA—FIERCE HUNTRESS, BUT DEVOTED MOTHER.

The females among the Tarantulas carry their eggs about with them wherever they go, encased in a silken ball, and held by the hind-legs and a thread from the spinneret. Though apparently devotedly attached to her treasures, she will acquiesce in the substitution of a ball of cork in place of the eggs without perceiving the fraud.

paroxysms of dancing its bite was supposed to engender.

The fair Italian town of Taranto was the source of these strange happenings; hence the name of the spider. It was said that its bite was swiftly followed by a peculiar sleepiness, and other more painful symptoms, which could only be dispelled by music of vibrant quality, which set the patient dancing after a fashion which would leave the most vigorous of the devotees of the modern dances of to-day limp and beyond recovery under a week! Goldsmith went so far, however, as to declare that the whole business was an invention on the part of the Tarantese peasant, who, for a fee paid by the credulous traveller, would allow himself to be bitten, simulate collapse, and then respond to the strains of the appropriate music of the dance known as the "Tarantelle." The sweating which followed the violent gyrations inseparable from this dance was supposed to rid the body of its poison. It is suggested that the strange dancing mania which spread through Europe in the Middle Ages was associated with this belief. And there are even some who cynically suggest that we are suffering from a recrudescence of this "mania" to-day.

That the poisonous properties of the bite of this spider were grossly exaggerated, goes without saying. Indeed, so far as I know, there are no species whose bite is as painful as, say, the sting of a bee or wasp. But if our interest in the tarantula is first aroused by reason of these stories of the effects of its bite, in sifting them we inevitably come across such a host of facts concerning the creature's life-history that we need not bewail the false track on which we started. No record has been made of the size of the famous spider which "frightened Miss Muffet away," but we may be quite certain that it was a mere pigmy compared with the tarantula.

Many species of large spiders, in different parts of the world, are called "tarantulas," but this term belongs of right only to the giants among the "wolf-spiders," of which we have some twenty species of our own, though none, from their size, can be called "tarantulas."

The "tarantula," perhaps, is the "Black-bellied Tarantula" of Narbonne (Fig. 2), so vividly pictured for us by Fabre. Clad in black velvet, relieved by brown chevrons and grey and white rings, she may lay some claim to beauty. Like many others of her tribe, she lives in a burrow on pebbly ground covered with sun-scorched thyme. This burrow, having a diameter of about an inch and a depth of a foot, is at first vertical, and then bends at a sharp angle. It is laboriously fashioned, the soil being removed a few grains at a time by the jaws, and is lined with silk to prevent the crumbling of its walls. Around the mouth a rampart is raised, behind which the huntress awaits her prey—darting out upon the victim as soon as it approaches sufficiently near, tiger-fashion. If by any chance she should miscalculate the distance to be run, she forthwith retires, to await the next arrival. No chase beyond the allotted limit is ever made.

The victim, once seized, apparently is killed instantly by a lightning thrust of the fangs behind the head; so that the poison injected, though ineffective so far as we are concerned, is efficient enough for its purpose. Indeed, Fabre found it virulent enough to kill a sparrow and a mole within a very short space of time. The labour of tunnelling and of building the parapet is done at night. This accounted for the fact that there seemed to be no appreciation of colours. Fabre gave his captive specimens pieces of silk and short lengths of gaily coloured worsted to use in building the parapet, and no choice of any particular colour was ever shown—naturally, as there would be no colour in the dark. He also found that she will not wander far afield in search of materials for this all-important parapet. For this was never large when found in a natural state; but his captives formed large parapets when plenty of material was placed immediately within reach of the entrance of the burrow.

Fierce she may be as a huntress, but as a mother she seems to be a most perfect model. This aspect of her life should afford food for thought for the psychologist. He would find it more profitable than his favourite subjects for experiment—white mice! Immediately before laying her eggs, she spreads a great silken sheet on the ground, and to this attaches another, more finely spun, circular in shape. The eggs are laid upon this, and the edges brought up so as to enclose them as in a sort of pudding-bag. The white silken ball is then seized between the hind-legs, and is carried about wherever she goes (Fig. 1). Every day, when the sun is at its highest and fiercest, she brings them up and thrusts them out of the

parental care. But Fabre found that if he removed the ball of eggs, and substituted balls of similar size made of cork, or other material, she appeared quite unconscious of the fraud played upon her.

As soon as the youngsters emerge from the egg they climb up on to the mother's back, where they remain fasting for seven long months. Even while she is feeding they evince no interest in the meal.

The offspring of another spider can be substituted for her own, and she will adopt them without the slightest demur. Nor is she at all particular as to the number she carries. Fabre tells a gruesome story of a fight to the death between two neighbouring mothers. As soon as it was over, the victor proceeded to eat the vanquished, while her offspring, swept off during the fight, were promptly joined by those of the dead parent, all mounting upon the



FIG. 2.—THE SPIDER WHOSE BITE WAS FABLED TO BE CURED BY MUSIC AND FRANTIC DANCING OF A TARANTELE: THE TARANTULA PAR EXCELLENCE—A NARBONNE WOLF-SPIDER.

The Narbonne Wolf-Spider, or Tarantula, has been made famous through Fabre's patient studies; on which account we know more of this than of any other species.

back of the survivor, the little orphans being quite undisturbed by the ghastliness of the feast proceeding at their feet. "Happily too young to understand, poor things," some may say; but this lack of consciousness, or perception, is equally plain in the case of the mother who will allow a ball of cork to be substituted for a ball of eggs.

The appropriate actions necessary for the survival of the race are, apparently, "instinctive." Eggs which were not given their daily sun-bath would fail to hatch. The mother does not know why she performs this act. Neither does a caterpillar know why it spins a cocoon, or why, in the case of many butterflies, a silken girdle is placed around the body and fastened securely at each end before the final transformation into a chrysalis takes place. It can have received no instruction; it can have seen no other caterpillar do the like; it has never before performed the operation, and it will never be repeated. Yet failure to give this "finishing touch" means death.

As consciousness and intelligence increase, so "instinctive actions" fade. Some survive even in ourselves. The caterpillar and the spider have much to teach us if we will but use our eyes intelligently. About twenty species of "wolf-spiders," cousins of the tarantula, are to be found in Great Britain. Next year, during May and June, those who have been interested in what has just been said may, perhaps, be induced to start observations for themselves. These spiders are easily found, some of them half an inch long and beautifully coloured.



FIG. 3.—ONE OF THE LARGEST WOLF-SPIDERS, THE DANGER OF WHOSE BITE HAS BEEN GROSSLY EXAGGERATED: THE MADEIRAN TARANTULA. The Madeiran Tarantula is one of the largest of the European Wolf-Spiders. The eyes can be seen as glistening points in the fore-part of the head.

burrow, turning them slowly so that every portion of the sphere gets its full meed of light and warmth. This, indeed, looks like intelligent action and

THE "PRINCIPESSA MAFALDA" TRAGEDY: THE SINKING LINER; RESCUERS.



LISTING TO PORT, AND BEGINNING TO GO DOWN BY THE STERN: THE ITALIAN LINER "PRINCIPESSA MAFALDA" A FEW HOURS BEFORE SHE SANK, OFF BRAZIL, WITH A LOSS OF OVER 300 LIVES—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM THE BRITISH RESCUE SHIP, "EMPIRESTAR," THE FIRST TO ARRIVE.



GALLANT BRITISH RESCUE WORK IN THE "PRINCIPESSA MAFALDA" DISASTER: TRANSFERRING THE 210 SURVIVORS SAVED BY THE BLUE STAR FREIGHTER "EMPIRESTAR" TO THE FRENCH SHIP "FORMOSE"—A BOATLOAD LEAVING THE "EMPIRESTAR" (PARTLY SHOWN ON LEFT) ON THE MORNING AFTER THE TRAGEDY.

As noted on our front page, which contains a photograph of the "Principessa Mafalda" lowering boats at about 5.45 p.m. on October 25 (some four hours before she sank), the first detailed stories of the disaster were told on the arrival at Gravesend of the Blue Star freighter "Empirestar," which was the first rescue ship to reach the scene. Her officers and crew did gallant work and saved 210 lives. The log of the "Empirestar" outlines briefly her share in the events. "5.10 p.m. Passed 'Principessa Mafalda' apparently going slow. 5.20 p.m. Received S.O.S., 'Danger in engines' from her. At the same time

she hoisted her ensign and blew one blast. We immediately turned back and closed on the 'Mafalda' about 5.45 p.m., when she stopped and commenced lowering crowded boats, two of which capsized. Lowered boats and started rescuing people. . . . About 7 p.m. Closed on the 'Mafalda' again, taking people from on board. . . . 9.40 p.m. 'Mafalda,' having settled by the stern and listing heavily to port, suddenly capsized and sank. . . . About 2 a.m., no more survivors being found, boats returned, and at daylight transferred all rescued to 'Formosa.' " On a double-page in this number we give a drawing of the disaster.

HEROISM AND PANIC IN A GREAT SEA DISASTER: THE

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM DESCRIPTION AND SKETCHES SUPPLIED

"PRINCIPESSA MAFALDA" SINKING; "EMPIRESTAR" RESCUING.

BY CAPTAIN C. R. COOPER AND OTHER OFFICERS OF THE "EMPIRESTAR." (COPYRIGHTED.)



One of the liner's boats in launching broken clear of forward fall and spilling people in the sea.

Heavily laden "Mafalda" boat floating away from liner without oars.

Boat from "Empirestar" picking people out of the sea.

Two of "Principessa Mafalda's" boats capsized.

When the "Empirestar" passed the port side of the "Principessa Mafalda," groups were seen at the boat stations and the crew were launching the lifeboats. As the British ship passed round the liner's stern, a slight list to port was discernible, and she was down a little by the stern. On getting a view of the starboard side, the watchers on the British ship saw that panic had broken out among the emigrants, and men were leaping overboard. As the "Empirestar" prepared to lower her own boats, she came right into the midst of a large number of people floating and swimming in the water, and so great was the danger of their being killed by her slowly revolving propeller that her engines were stopped. The weather was fine, but already there were ominous signs that the tropic night was at hand, coming down suddenly with practically no twilight, as is the case in these latitudes. Two of the "Principessa Mafalda's" boats had capsized, and floated bottom upwards, festooned with a crowd of people, whilst the lifebelts that had been donned by most of the liner's passengers held others afloat. A deep rolling sea added to the difficulties of rescue work and tended to swamp the overlaid boats. Rope ladders were hung over the side of the "Empirestar" fore and aft to port and starboard, and the gangway was got out, but the sea swell made it unusable. One boat being launched from the liner broke away from its forward "fall," spilling its unfortunate human cargo into the sea, and remained



The first man taken on board the "Empirestar" being hoisted aboard at the end of a rope.

Rigging up one of the many cargo lamps used for assisting in the rescue work after dark.

Boat from "Empirestar" going to the rescue.

The only boat from the "Principessa Mafalda" that reached the "Empirestar," coming alongside.

dangling against the liner's towering side until it was smashed by the waves. Every man of the "Empirestar" volunteered for rescue work, and of the 210 people who were saved by her crew, every one was either taken out of the sea or directly taken off by the "Empirestar's" own boats, except seventeen people who came in the only boat from the "Mafalda" that reached the British ship. All this work of picking up people from the sea had taken time, the tropic night had fallen in inky darkness, and the stricken liner had drifted some distance away. When the "Empirestar" again reached her, other vessels had engaged in rescue work. By this time the liner's upper deck aft was awash, and she was right over on her beam ends. Almost from the beginning to keep clear of the wreck and of each other. Once someone on the liner's bridge ignited a flare, lighting up in a weird blue light the upper works of the sinking ship, and showing the crowds still on board and the cluster of rescue boats still pulling right alongside of the ship. Then suddenly the end came; she gave one sickening lurch, rolled over, and was gone. A dreadful moan arose, breaking into cries and screams as she carried hundreds with her to the depths. The "Empirestar" had every cargo-light attached to the rails over the rope ladders down her sides, and rescue work went on amid the darkness.

SIR ALAN AND LADY COBHAM'S GREAT ADVENTURE:

MACHINE AND CREW FOR THE 20,000-MILE AFRICAN FLIGHT.



TO ACT AS SECRETARY AND COOK ON THE GREAT FLIGHT: LADY COBHAM.

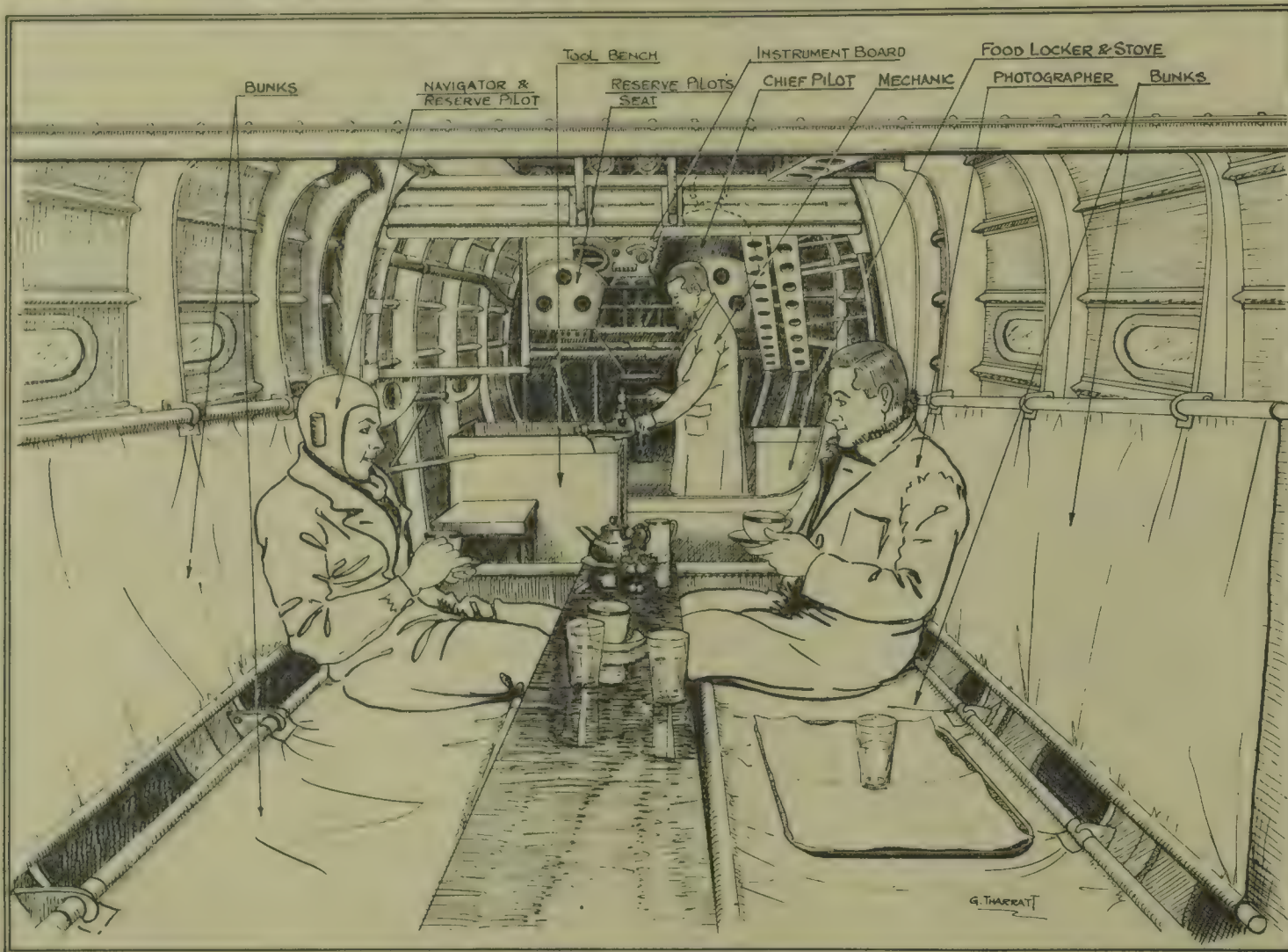


THE ONLY ENGLISH ALL-METAL FLYING-BOAT AND THE FIRST FLYING-BOAT USED BY SIR ALAN COBHAM FOR LONG-DISTANCE WORK: THE SHORT "SINGAPORE" MACHINE, WITH 700-H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE CONDOR ENGINES.



FLYING ROUND AFRICA TO FOSTER EMPIRE AIR LINES SIR ALAN COBHAM.

LARGE ENOUGH TO ACCOMMODATE A CREW OF FOUR, APART FROM PASSENGERS, AND PROVIDED WITH FOUR SLEEPING-BUNKS AND A COOKING-STOVE: THE INTERIOR OF THE "SINGAPORE"—THE ALL-METAL FLYING-BOAT SELECTED FOR THE AFRICAN FLIGHT—A DRAWING SHOWING THE PILOT (IN DOTTED OUTLINE) IN HIS SEAT, A MECHANIC AT THE TOOL-BENCH, AND TWO OTHERS AT TEA IN THE SALOON.



SHOWING ONE OF THE FOUR SLEEPING-BUNKS IN USE: A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE INTERIOR OF THE SALOON, TAKEN FROM THE SAME POINT OF VIEW AS THE ABOVE DRAWING.



THE "SINGAPORE'S" CREW FOR AFRICA: (L. TO R.) MR. C. E. CONWAY (CHIEF ENGINEER), CAPT. H. V. WORRALL (ASSISTANT PILOT), LADY COBHAM, SIR ALAN COBHAM, MR. F. GREEN (ENGINEER) AND MR. S. R. BONNETT (CINEMATOGRAPHER).

Sir Alan Cobham and his assistants, including Lady Cobham as his secretary (to act also as cook), arranged to start from Rochester, on November 17, for a great 20,000-mile flight across Africa, from Cairo to the Cape by way of the lakes and Natal, and back round the west coast. It is Sir Alan's first long-distance air tour in a flying-boat, and the object is to foster Empire air lines in Africa. The whole journey is expected to take 3½ months. The machine (says the "Aeroplane") is the same all-metal Short Singapore flying-boat, with two Rolls-Royce Condore engines, which was used recently on the R.A.F. Service

flight round the Baltic states. The Singapore is the only all-metal flying-boat in this country." It has been lent for the Africa flight by the Air Ministry. Its dimensions are—wing-span, 93 ft.; length, 64 ft.; height, 24 ft.; and weight, 20,400 lb. The petrol capacity is 616 gallons with a range of action of 1050 miles. The cost of the machine was £25,000. It carries a two-oared collapsible dinghy. The enterprise has been made possible by the support of Sir Charles Wakefield. Captain Worrall, the assistant pilot, was an officer of R.N.A.S. during the war, and has since been in South America for the Blackburn Aeroplane Company.

The "Sentinel" of the Drakensberg: The "Alps" of South Africa.

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BY CHARLES PEERS (THE SOUTH AFRICAN ARTIST). COPYRIGHTED.



A "WATCH-TOWER" OF THE DRAKENSBERG: THE "SENTINEL," IN THE NATAL NATIONAL PARK.

The mighty Drakensberg Range extends from the Cape Province to the Northern Transvaal, and has aptly been termed the spine of South Africa. It attains its maximum altitudes of 11,000 feet and more in the beautiful region known as the Mont-aux-Sources, the highest point in Southern Africa. The Natal National Park, of some 20,000 acres, is

situated in this area, but is only part of the magnificent scenic locality extending from Giant's Castle in the south to the Sentinel peak in the north—roughly, sixty-five miles. This rugged area is characterised by towering pinnacles, stupendous walls of rock, impressive waterfalls, and delightful forest scenery. It is a paradise for the mountaineer.

On the "Ridge of White Waters": Native Workers at a Rand Gold-Mine "Coming off Shift."

FROM THE DRAWING BY J. H. AMSHEWITZ, (COPYRIGHTED.)



NATIVE WORKERS "COMING OFF SHIFT": A CHARACTERISTIC SCENE IN ONE OF THE GREAT GOLD-MINES OF THE WITWATERSRAND, SOUTH AFRICA.

This scene recalls the romantic development of what is probably the largest and richest mineral industry in the world. The Witwatersrand ("Ridge of White Waters") is situated on a plateau in the Transvaal at an altitude of nearly 6000 feet, and some of the deepest mines have attained that depth. The main reefs extend for about eighty miles, and have been exploited at numerous points, particularly in the central region of Johannesburg, on the West Rand, and East Rand. The fabulous wealth of this vast gold-bearing area was unsuspected only forty-five years ago. The discovery of gold on the Rand was made

in 1884, and Johannesburg was founded in 1886. The Transvaal mines produce almost 50 per cent. of the world's annual supply of gold. The annual output averages thirty to forty million pounds sterling, and the total since its first discovery is over eight hundred millions sterling. The Witwatersrand is one of the most interesting areas in South Africa, which is coming into such favour as a land of travel and sunshine during European winters. Full information concerning this Dominion may be had from the Director of Publicity, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.

THE TWO-LITRE ROVER SIX



The finest value in British six-cylinder cars of quality

The new Two-litre Six-cylinder Rover is the car that has aroused the enthusiasm of the whole motoring world. Never before has a one-hundred-per-cent. British six-cylinder car of such high quality been offered at so moderate a price. For the "Paris" model Weymann Saloon, as illustrated, or the "Riviera" model (with folding roof), costs but £425. The 15.7 h.p. (£16 tax) engine

develops remarkable power, and the body-work is both luxurious and roomy. For more than twelve months this "new" model has been undergoing exhaustive tests: it has come through them with the very highest honours. Simplicity and accessibility are keynotes of the whole design; it is a straightforward car that will give really satisfying service. Why not write for fuller details?

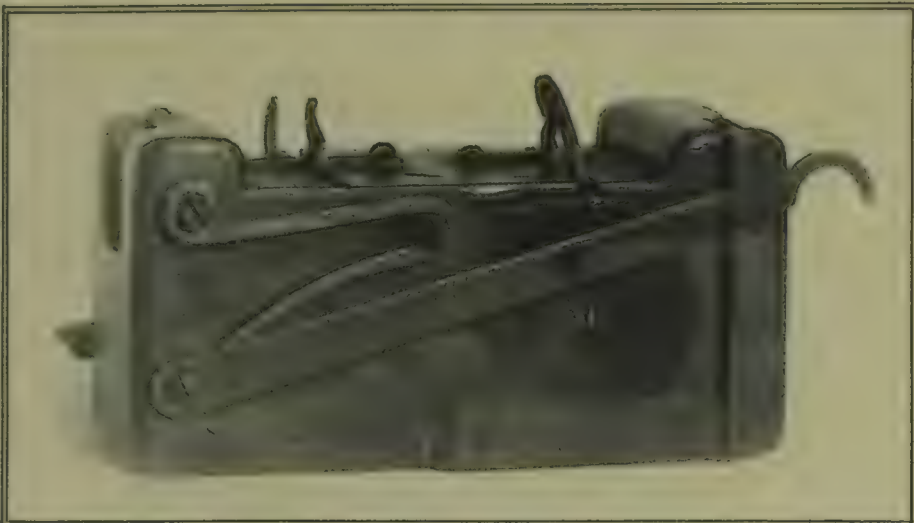
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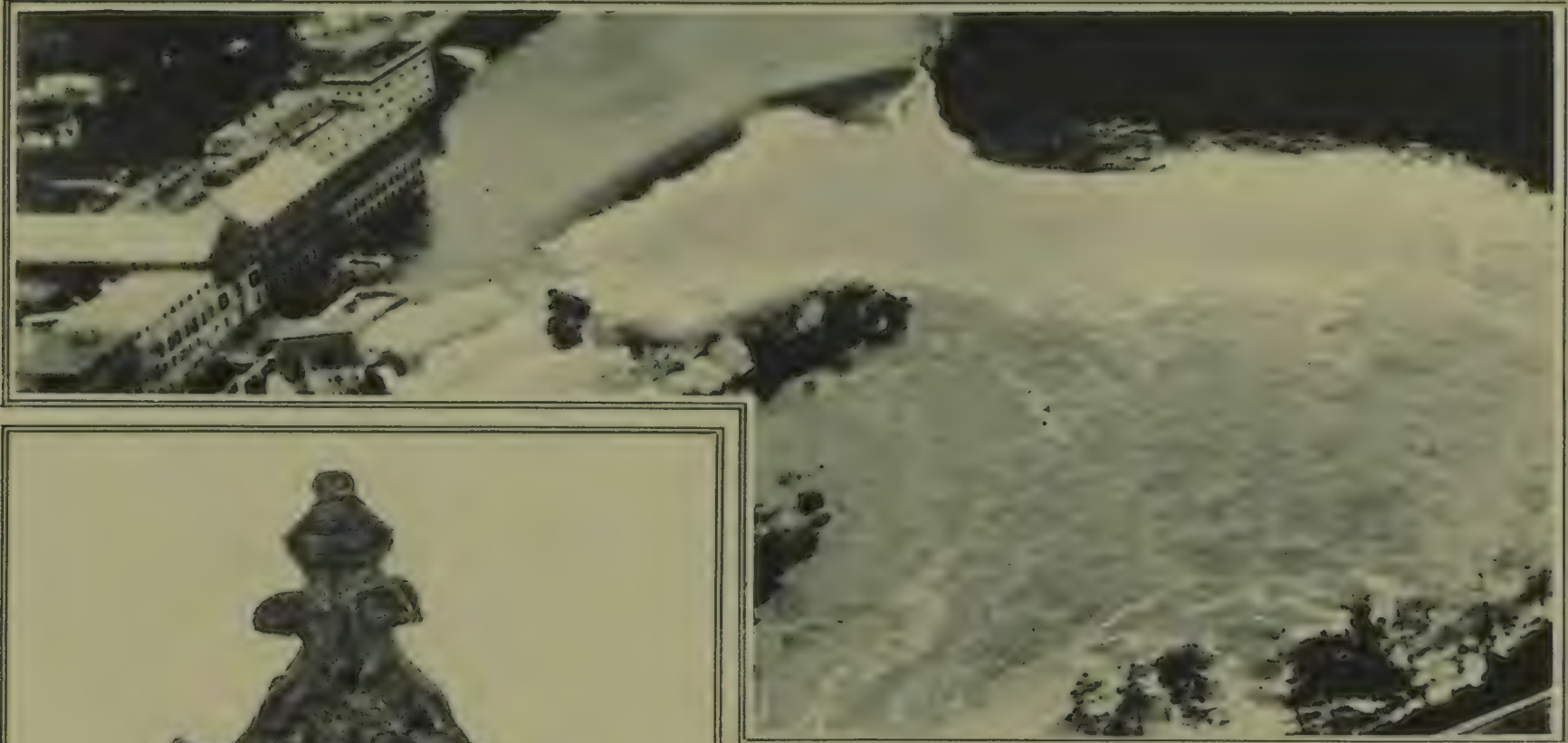
PAST AND PRESENT IN THE WEEK'S NEWS: BRITISH ART TREASURES AND AMERICAN FLOODS.



1. THE ONLY KNOWN EXAMPLE IN EXISTENCE: A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY OAK "TRUCKLE" BED FROM THE PORTER'S LODGE AT HADDON HALL, THE DUKE OF RUTLAND'S FAMOUS SEAT ASSOCIATED WITH DOROTHY VERNON.



2. A MEDIAEVAL MOUSE-TRAP OF ARTISTIC CRAFTSMANSHIP, DESIGNED TO KILL TWO MICE AND STILL IN PERFECT WORKING ORDER: A UNIQUE SPECIMEN OF EARLY ENGLISH WOODWORK FROM HADDON HALL.

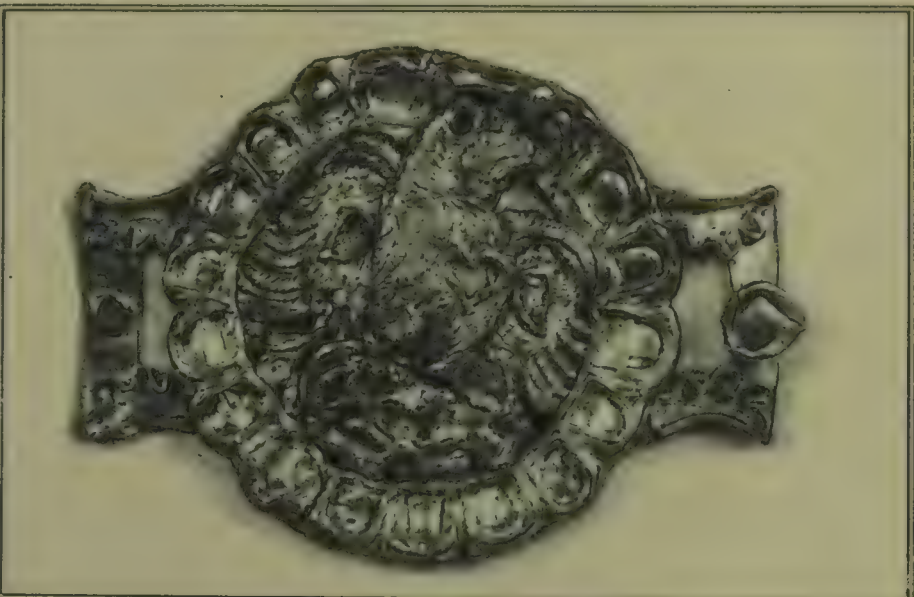


3. FLOOD HAVOC IN THE UNITED STATES, WHERE OVER 150 LIVES HAVE BEEN LOST, AND IMMENSE DAMAGE DONE TO PROPERTY: A TYPICAL DISASTER—AN AERIAL VIEW OF A GREAT DAM-BURST IN MASSACHUSETTS.



4. A TENTH- OR ELEVENTH-CENTURY TREASURE NEWLY ACQUIRED BY THE BRITISH MUSEUM: AN ANGLO-SAXON CENSER-COVER FROM CANTERBURY, OF ARCHITECTURAL DESIGN WITH ANIMAL ORNAMENT IN OPENWORK AND SILVER INLAY.

Two unique specimens of early English woodwork—a truckle bed and a mouse-trap, lent by the Duke of Rutland, from Haddon Hall—were recently shown by Mr. H. Clifford Smith, of the Victoria and Albert Museum, during a lecture at the Royal Institution on "The Furniture and Equipment of the Mediæval House." The truckle-bed originally ran on wheels for wheeling under the great state bed by day, and providing a servant's sleeping-place at night. Their use continued until Charles the Second's time, for Deb Willet slept in a truckle-bed at Brampton while Pepys and his wife shared the "high bed" in the same room.—The British Museum has lately acquired some new treasures of great interest. The



5. A SCYTHIC GOLD ORNAMENT (SECOND OR THIRD CENTURY A.D.) WITH A REPOUSSE EAGLE SEIZING AN ANIMAL: AN INTERESTING RELIC FROM PERSIA RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Scythic ornament was obtained by Professor Herzfeld (whose Persian discoveries, with an article by him, are illustrated in this issue) at Nivahend, in north-west Persia. Another acquisition is an Anglo-Saxon censer-cover, from Canterbury, dating from the late tenth or early eleventh century.—The great floods in New England have caused enormous havoc. On November 6 it was stated that seventeen dams had collapsed in Vermont and Massachusetts, and that the damage to property was estimated at about £10,000,000. Later, it was reported that the floods were apparently subsiding except in Connecticut and round Springfield, Massachusetts. Of over 150 victims, 86 died in the Winooski Valley alone.



AT THE MILITARY AND CIVILIAN PARADE THROUGH THE RED SQUARE, MOSCOW: M. KALININ, CHAIRMAN OF THE ALL-RUSSIAN CENTRAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, AND MEMBERS OF THE WAR COUNCIL, TAKING THE SALUTE IN FRONT OF THE LENIN MAUSOLEUM.



A DRAMATIC PROLOGUE TO A SPECIAL MATINEE IN MOSCOW: DRUMMERS AND TRUMPETERS OF THE LINE AND OF WOMEN'S REGIMENTS SHALLING THE RECOGNITION OF THE PERFORMANCE.



"BIG-HEADS" IN THE MOSCOW PARADE: A CARICATURE OF SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, THE BUTT OF THE COMMUNISTS, ON THE RIGHT.



LIVING SATIRE DURING THE PARADE AT MOSCOW: RUSSIAN PEASANTS RIDICULING "THE ENGLISH DIE-HARDS."

Russia, and, of course, Moscow and Leningrad more especially, celebrated the tenth anniversary of the Revolution in the most thorough and propaganda-like manner; but it cannot be said that the event found the Republic's leaders in full accord! As the "Times" pointed out the other day, for instance, "the front-rank leaders of the Opposition divided themselves between Moscow and Leningrad. Zinovieff, Radek, and Yevdokimoff went to Leningrad, where, surrounded by bodyguards and supporters, they harangued their hearers on the un-Leninist policy of the present party leaders, who, they declared, had arrogated to themselves the rôle of dictators." Trotsky was in Moscow, and is said to have been expelled from the Communist party because he did not appear at Lenin's tomb. The celebrations were attended by a number of foreign delegates; and another "Times" note is interesting. It is dated, "Riga, November 14," and says, "The foreign delegates are leaving the U.S.S.R. after a week of festivities, interviews, and speeches. A few of the 'most trustworthy' of the delegates were received in special audience by Kalinin, and later by the party chiefs and the real manipulators of Soviet policy, Stalin and Bukharin.

THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION, AN OCCASION OF PARADE AND PROPAGANDA: THE CELEBRATIONS IN MOSCOW; AND A Leningrad LENIN.



A WINGED SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN: "THE ANGEL OF PEACE," WITH PEN IN ONE HAND AND SWORD IN THE OTHER!



MOSCOW ILLUMINATED FOR THE ANNIVERSARY: THE FAÇADE OF THE SOVIET ASSEMBLY HALL AS IT APPEARED LIT UP AT NIGHT.



A NEW MEMORIAL TO LENIN: THE STATUE THAT HAS BEEN SET UP OUTSIDE THE SMOLNY INSTITUTE IN Leningrad.

DURING THE SOLEMN SESSION IN HONOUR OF THE ANNIVERSARY: THE REMARKABLE SCENE IN THE SOVIET ASSEMBLY HALL, AT MOSCOW, WHILE M. BUKHARIN WAS SPEAKING: SHOWING A GREAT BUST OF LENIN, THE SICKLE AND HAMMER OF THE UNION OF SOVIET SOCIALIST REPUBLICS, AND STATEMENTS IN VARIOUS LANGUAGES.



Stalin, in the course of the conversation with the delegates, explained why the Social Democratic Party was not allowed to exist in the U.S.S.R. He said that the Social Democrats were revolutionaries and good comrades so long as the Tsarist régime lasted, but under the Bolsheviks they were counter-revolutionaries. It was the same in other countries, in which the Social Democrats should be used to overthrow the existing Governments; but as soon as this was done there should be a change of attitude. He added: "It would not be strange if . . . It becomes necessary to arrest Social Democrats and confine them."

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE COMPLETION OF THE TREATY OF FRIENDSHIP AND NON-AGGRESSION BETWEEN FRANCE AND YUGO-SLAVIA: M. MARINKOVITCH SIGNING THE PACT IN THE PRESENCE OF M. BRIAND.



ROYAL INTEREST IN THE ELECTRIC HARE AT WEMBLEY, WHERE GREYHOUND-RACING IS TO BEGIN BEFORE LONG: THE PRINCESSES BEATRICE AND MARIA CHRISTINA OF SPAIN AT THE STADIUM.



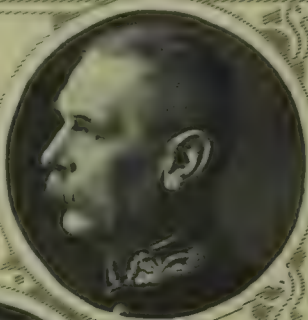
THE WEDDING OF PRINCE XAVIER OF BOURBON-PARMA AND MLE. MADELEINE DE BOURBON-BUSSET: THE BRIDE AND BRIDE-GROOM ARRIVE AT THE CASTLE AT LIGNIÈRES AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE—IN A SNOW-STORM.



THE QUESTION OF THE CONTRACT FOR THE PROPOSED DAM ACROSS THE BLUE NILE: DR. WARGNEH MARTIN, RAS TAFARI'S REPRESENTATIVE.

SIR WALTER CAINE HILLIER.

(Born, 1849; died, November 9). Formerly Adviser to the Chinese Government. During the Boxer Rebellion in 1900 took the Chinese Forts of Shan-hai-Kwan. Professor of Chinese.



FLYING-OFFICER CAMPBELL MACKENZIE-RICHARDS.

Killed when he and his observer, Mr. H. N. Green, had to abandon a Bristol Fighter in mid-air. Piloted one of the Gloster Grebes released from "R.33."



AT THE LAW COURTS ON LORD MAYOR'S SHOW DAY: THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON (SIR CHARLES BATHO) WITH THE NEW SHERIFFS, MR. SHERIFF H. E. DAVENPORT (LEFT), AND MR. SHERIFF F. D. GREEN (RIGHT).



PROFESSOR C. T. R. WILSON. Divides the Nobel Physics Prize for 1927 with Professor Arthur Compton, of Chicago, in recognition of his method of observing electrified particles.

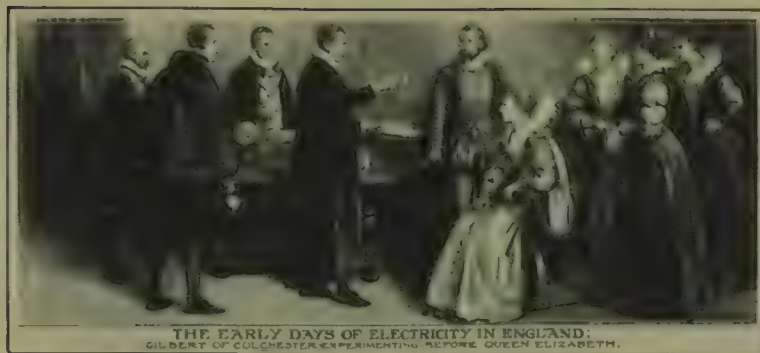
SIGNORA GRAZIA DELEDDA.

The famous Italian author who has been awarded the reserved Nobel Prize for Literature for 1926. A writer of novels depicting Sardinian life.



The Treaty of Friendship and Non-Aggression between France and Yugo-Slavia and the Arbitration Convention that accompanies it were signed on November 11. —General interest in Wembley as a centre for greyhound-racing is growing daily as the work of preparation progresses; and it is not surprising that the Spanish Princesses visiting this country with their mother, the Queen of Spain, should have visited the Stadium in order to inspect the general arrangements and be introduced to the electric hare. With their Royal Highnesses, who are in the centre of the photograph, are the Marquesa de Merry del Val (left), and (on the Princesses' left

hand) the Duchess of Lecera.—The wedding of Prince Xavier of Bourbon-Parma and Mlle. Madeleine de Bourbon-Busset took place at Lignières on November 12. It was attended by the ex-Empress Zita, sister of the bridegroom. The Bourbon-Busset family traces its descent from Louis de Bourbon, Prince-Bishop of Liège.—The statement that an American company had secured a contract to build the long-projected dam across the Blue Nile at Lake Tana aroused the greatest interest, and has led to diplomatic questionings. The matter is referred to in our Appreciation of Mr. C. F. Rey's, "In the Country of the Blue Nile," on page 902.



THE EARLY DAYS OF ELECTRICITY IN ENGLAND: GILBERT OF COLCHESTER EXPERIMENTING BEFORE QUEEN ELIZABETH.

ON one occasion, when Michael Faraday was showing some of his early experiments in electricity to a group of friends at the Royal Institution, a lady remarked that "it was all very interesting, but she could not see the use of it."

"Madam," asked Faraday, "what is the use of a baby?"

Michael Faraday's "baby" has become the electrical industry of to-day, with its telegraph-cables, its telephones, its "wireless," its electric trains and trams, its electric ships, its giant power-stations distributing electricity over many miles to drive factories, to light streets and homes, to cook food or refrigerate it, to warm rooms or ventilate them, and to serve a hundred other purposes of use, comfort, or convenience. It is no small part of the romance of this wonderful growth that Faraday was the son of a blacksmith, and achieved his discoveries with apparatus simpler than the wireless receiving-sets with which the boy of to-day amuses himself.

The electrical baby, it is true, was a long time growing up, and even after it had attained quite a formidable size the world looked upon it as merely a promising child. Towards the end of Queen Victoria's reign there was an epidemic of a particular kind of local "function." The Mayor and Corporation, along with other distinguished people and representatives of the Press, would meet in a brick building equipped with machinery which was to most, if not all, of them an impenetrable mystery. At the appointed hour the Mayoress would start up the engine, or "switch on the current," and thus the supply of electricity was inaugurated for the benefit of a grateful public.

No such occasion was considered complete unless the Mayor informed the company that "electricity is in its infancy." This formula, in fact, became part of the established ritual of electrical gatherings, and

used only for lighting; to-day it is employed for cooking, heating, ventilating, refrigerating, and driving labour-saving appliances. At first it was customary to speak of "electric lighting companies" or "electric light committees"; to-day the undertakings which produce electricity for the public sell far more for those "other uses"—heating, cooking, driving machinery, operating transport, and so on—than they do for the lighting which was the main thing in the days of the real infancy of electricity.

Another way of expressing this rapid growth is to point out that within the short space of fifty years £140,000,000 has been spent in providing the public of this country with electricity. That figure is, however, less impressive to the householder and his wife than the continuous decline in the cost of electricity, to say nothing of the prospect that in the more or less near future it will be cheaper still. From one point of view, the

public are not interested in how this cheapening has been brought about. Very few people, for example, concern themselves about the machinery behind the scenes on the stage; all they consider is the effect. Nevertheless, it is worth while to take just a fleeting glance at the process which has brought electricity in most cities and towns and in many villages within the limited resources of the average household. The first electric light installations were, as we have noted, small affairs. Each theatre, hotel, railway station, or other

building had its own little plant. The next step was a house-to-house distribution of current within a radius of a few hundred yards. In those pioneering days electrical engineers thought in parishes. Later, when they began to supply electricity to factories and tramway systems as well as for domestic lighting, stations grew in size, and the electric mains ran out over longer distances. Thus the "mass production" of electricity was begun.

A new phase was opened when schemes were prepared for erecting big stations to supply current over areas of hundreds of square miles. These were, in

effect, wholesale electric power schemes, the idea behind them being that the various towns should, instead of making their own electricity in small stations, take it "in bulk" from a large station. For years a violent struggle was carried on between the two principles—a struggle which finds its parallel in the rivalry between the little shop and the big store, between the independent factory and the huge combine. Echoes of the controversy have by

no means died down. They were very lively last year when the Electricity (Supply) Act, 1926, was going through Parliament; but with the passing of the Act the issue was really decided in favour of mass production on the largest possible scale, and on a uniform system throughout the country.

There is no need, luckily, for the layman to dive into the details of the scheme, with all their technical complexities. The main thing about it is that a Central Electricity Board has been formed to organise the supply of electricity on a national basis. The most suitable of existing electric power stations will be selected and extended; and they will be linked up by trunk mains, forming what is called a "grid." This grid will enable all the selected stations to operate together almost as if they were one station, and it will also

carry current to areas not yet supplied.

What benefit will this national electrical enterprise bring to the two million people now on the roll of "consumers" of electricity, and to the many millions waiting to come on?

Before answering this question, it is as well to remember that the "grid" will take at least eight years to construct, and that its full effect will not be felt for many years afterwards. However, we have the authority of a member of the Central Electricity Board—Sir Duncan Watson—for the hope that it "will mean ultimately the complete elimination of the worst forms of domestic drudgery, especially for the smallest house in the poorest district." Sir Duncan is sanguine that, in respect of that part of the scheme

(Continued on page 936.)



ELECTRICITY IN THE SCULLERY: AN ELECTRIC WASHING AND WRINGING MACHINE (TO LEFT OF SINK), ELECTRIC CALORIFIER FOR HOT-WATER SUPPLY (ON WALL, TOP LEFT), ELECTRIC FAN (ON WALL BRACKET), AND ELECTRIC IRON (ON TABLE).



ELECTRICITY IN THE KITCHEN: AN ELECTRIC COOKING-STOVE (ON RIGHT), AND AN ELECTRIC WHISK FOR GENERAL PURPOSES (IN USE BY THE GIRL STANDING AT THE TABLE).

its use persisted long after the infant had cut its teeth and got over its growing pains. Had electrical engineers enjoyed the power of a Mussolini, they would have cheerfully condemned every layman who used the phrase to the ordeal by castor oil. After they had spent all the resources of a wonderful science, to say nothing of many millions of pounds, in establishing electricity as a public service and a household necessity, they found it rather galling to hear their substantial triumphs described as a mere baby.

To-day the phrase is obsolete. There is hardly even a chairman of a British Rural Council so far behind the times as to repeat it. Close on fifty years have passed since Joseph Swan showed the first incandescent electric lamp to a delighted audience at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and thus opened the era of electric light. At first "the electric light," as it was called, was regarded as a luxury, fit only for the rich man in his castle; but gradually it penetrated all the levels of society until it reached the poor man at



ELECTRICITY IN THE SITTING-ROOM: AN ELECTRIC FOOT-WARMER (STOOL BEFORE ARMCHAIR), ELECTRIC FIRE, ELECTRIC CIGAR-LIGHTER (ON STAND BESIDE CHAIR), AND (ON THE MANTELPIECE) A BOX-SHAPED ELECTRIC LOUD-SPEAKER SURMOUNTED BY AN ELEPHANT WITH ELECTRIC LAMP AS HOWDAH, AND A PAIR OF ELECTRIC "CANDLESTICKS."

Photographs by Courtesy of the General Electric Company.

THE HUMAN ELEMENT IN TELEPHONY ABOLISHED BY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY COURTESY OF THE AUTOMATIC

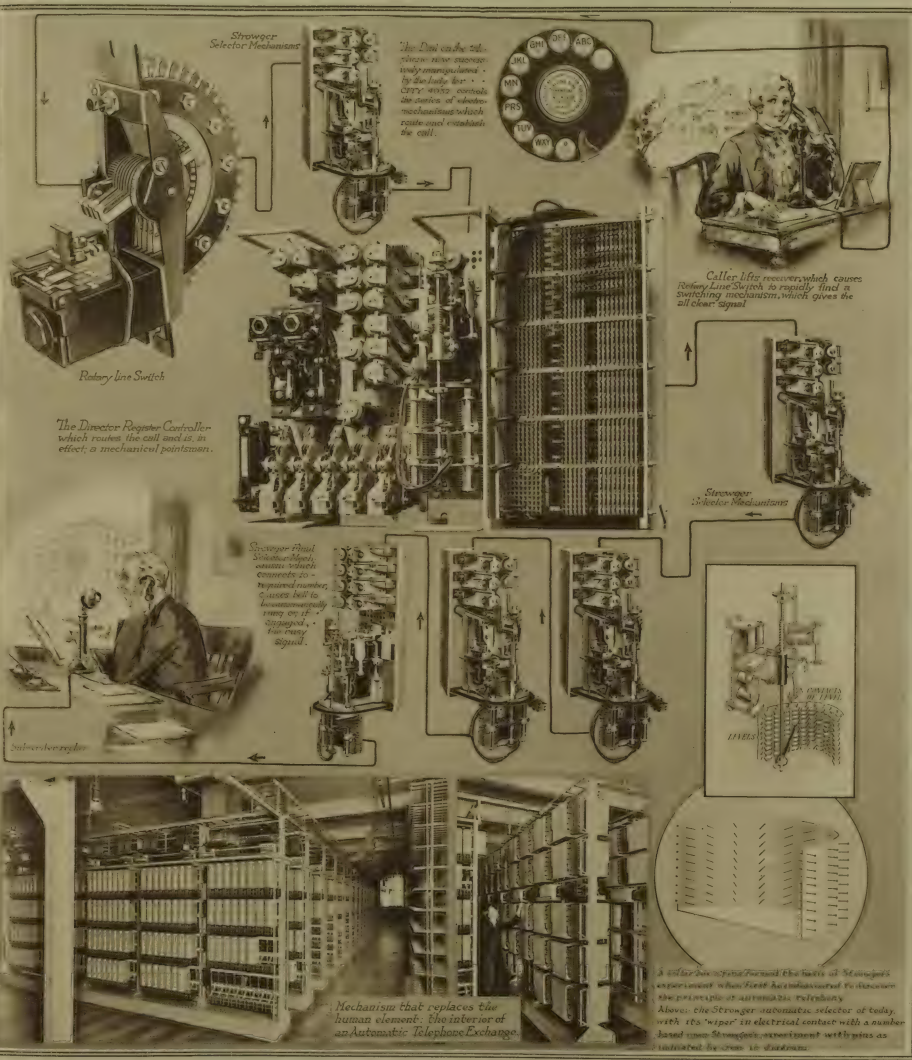


A CONTRAST IN TELEPHONIC METHODS: (LEFT) THE PRESENT MANUAL SYSTEM; (RIGHT) THE

"Holborn" is London's first Telephone Exchange to be equipped with automatic mechanism that does the work hitherto performed by human operators. The change-over from the old system to the new has just been made, and subscribers in the "Holborn" service area now obtain direct communication with another simply by rotating a dial which is fitted to the base of the telephone. Our illustrations on the left-hand page depict what happens when a call is made through manually operated exchanges. Most of the complaints levelled against the manual system, which is now becoming obsolete, arise from the association of the "human element," and are due not only to its slowness in performing by hand certain movements, with cords, plugs, and keys, but also to the fact that a subscriber, having instructed an invisible operator number is "engaged." With the new Automatic system the time lagging between lifting the receiver to the ringing of the bell of the "called" subscriber is approximately nine seconds, whereas the equivalent operator for the manual system rarely takes less than seventeen seconds. The new Automatic plant installed at the Holborn Exchange has already attracted the gaze of thirty years' public service in large exchanges, and there are over three and a half million of these automatic instruments installed or under construction throughout the world. The illustrations on the right-hand page show that the only "human element" concerned with the making of a telephone call by the new Automatic system is that of the two subscribers, for the reason that the whole of the manual operators at an ordinary exchange are eliminated entirely by clever mechanism which picks out the number required and establishes connection, or signals "engaged," if necessary. The distinguishing feature of the Automatic Telephone is

MECHANISM: LONDON'S FIRST AUTOMATIC EXCHANGE.

TELEPHONE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, LTD.



NEW "STROWGER" AUTOMATIC SYSTEM, AS INSTALLED AT THE HOLBORN EXCHANGE.

the dial (bearing letters of the alphabet, and numbered 0, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1) at the base of the instrument. By manipulation of the dial, a telephone-user is able to control the exchange equipment and establish any connection desired. A subscriber wishing to call a friend whose number is "HOLBORN 4932," lifts the receiver to the ear, inserts a finger-tip in a hole in the revolvable dial above "H," and rotates the dial clockwise to the finger-stop. The finger is lifted whilst the dial, actuated by a spring, rotates back to its original position. The letters "O," "L," followed by the figures "4, 9, 3, 2," are dialled in the same manner, and, as soon as the dial returns to rest, the bell of the "wanted" subscriber will ring intermittently until he lifts the receiver to reply. After conversation, the connection is cleared automatically when the subscribers replace their receivers. One of the most important of the Strowger devices is that known as the Selector Mechanism, wherein a finger ("wiper") is made to move first upwards and then sideways (as the result of electrical impulses set up immediately after each digit is dialled) and thus makes contact with points which complete a circuit that causes the bell of the distant subscriber's instrument to ring. This remarkable invention is named the Strowger Automatic Telephone in memory of Almon B. Strowger, an undertaker who practised his trade forty years ago in an obscure township in the U.S.A. When business began to decline, he discovered that orders were being diverted by a local telephone operator subsidised by rivals. Strowger thereupon had the idea to eliminate telephone collusion, and made experiments with the aid of such rude materials as a collar-box and pins, with a view to designing an automatic telephone switch, and, although he did not succeed in his original aim, he stimulated the interest and enthusiasm of others, who achieved the wonderful system now adopted for the greater convenience of telephone-users. It will be noted that, on each of the above two pages, the sequence of operations is indicated by a line of arrows, beginning with the subscriber calling (in top corner) and ending with the subscriber called (side centre).

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

November. In prospect, November always seems a dreary month, and every year it is a surprise to find how much has to be crowded into the weeks before the fever of Christmas and the holidays takes possession of the world. The next few weeks will be busy with charity matinées and balls, or preparations for them, and meantime the bazaar season is well advanced. No fewer than three bazaars of annual importance had arranged to open on the same day last week, Lady Patricia Ramsay opening one and Mrs. Baldwin another. The old-fashioned bazaars used to stock articles that one did not mind buying to give away, but nowadays the customers are tempted to keep their purchases for themselves.

Dancing Diplomats. Lady Chamberlain broke quite new ground with the first of her series of afternoon receptions, and created a precedent which other notable political hostesses will no doubt follow. Her receptions hitherto had been given at her flat in Morpeth Mansions, but she had the happy idea of entertaining her diplomatic and political guests at the Foreign Office, where she could receive a much larger number. They were all delighted with the innovations, dancing in one room, and bridge and mah-jong in another. The guests did not Charleston in the room where the Locarno Treaty was signed; that was reserved for bridge.

Princess Mary's Adventure. Everyone has been sympathising with Lady Allendale, not only because of the damage done by the fire to her beautiful home, Bretton Park, but because it happened when Princess Mary, Lord

going very well, the police stepped in with the information that the ballot was a raffle, and therefore could not be allowed. However, many of the people who had taken tickets refused to keep the money she returned, so the hospital benefited after all.

The Golden Wedding.

The Queen could not have chosen a prettier or more appropriate gift for a golden wedding than the quaint Irish ring she sent to Lady Aberdeen. It was made of three circlets, which could be opened out by touching a spring and which, when closed, were held by two clasped hands. Lady Aberdeen wore it with great pride at the reception when she and Lord Aberdeen received the congratulations of hundreds of their friends, and she said she meant to wear it all her life. The guests also admired the beautiful golden loving-cup which was the gift of the King and Queen, the golden cup from friends in Ireland, and the two gold caskets, one presented by their children and grandchildren, the other containing the cheque which Lord Balfour presented on behalf of friends here and abroad.

Miss Peggy Sinclair, Lady Pentland's only daughter, seemed to be enjoying herself very much as she moved about among the guests. She is a tall, fair girl of a bonny Scottish type, and is said to be as clever as her grandmother and her mother, who used to edit a little paper for children when she was herself only a child. Miss Sinclair

was at the famous St. Leonard's School, and went from there to Girton, where she has specialised in modern and mediæval languages.

Lady Mary Thynne.

The outstanding social event of next week will be the marriage of Lady Mary Thynne, the youngest daughter of the Marquess of Bath, to Lord Nunburnholme, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on Thursday. Both Princess Mary and the Duchess of York, to whom she successively acted as bridesmaid, are likely

to be at the wedding. Lady Mary has not followed the example of many of her girl friends who have gone to Paris for their wedding gowns. She is having hers made in London, and the designer has found his inspiration in a beautiful picture in the National Gallery.

Miss Royden's Tour.

Miss Maude Royden is leaving England at the end of next month on a tour of the world, which will occupy the whole of next year. When she planned it many months ago, she hoped to spend much of the time in China, and she was especially anxious to get in touch with the students. The disturbed conditions in China have, of course, upset that plan, and she will now be able to spend more time in Australia and to visit New Zealand.

She will be greatly missed in England, and especially at the Guildhouse in Eccleston Square, which has become a very active centre of religious and social thought. Several eminent preachers are taking it in turn to hold the services there on Sunday evenings. The famous "Dick" Sheppard, who lately had to resign from St. Martin's-in-the-Fields owing

to ill-health, has promised to occupy her pulpit for two months, and many people will feel that that is a great tribute to Miss Royden. Miss Margaret



HUNTING AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY: THE DOWAGER DUCHESS D'UZÈS.

The Dowager Duchesse d'Uzès, who was born in 1847, has hunted for over fifty years. She belongs both by birth and marriage to the oldest families of France. Her husband was the twelfth Duke, and the Dukedom dates from the sixteenth century. Her father was the Marquis de Mortemart, of the ducal house of that name.

Bondfield, who was one of the Ministers in the Labour Government, is taking her place for a month. She is not an accustomed preacher, but one imagines that she will feel quite at home in the pulpit.

The Lady-in-Waiting.

The Queen's appointment of Lady Katherine Hamilton, the youngest daughter of the Duke of Abercorn, as Lady-in-Waiting in succession to the late Mary Trefusis, will give pleasure to the people of Northern Ireland, for the Duke, who has been their Governor for the last five years, has always been very popular. Lady Katherine is only twenty-seven, and is therefore younger than any other Lady-in-Waiting ever appointed by the Queen. She is the Duke's only unmarried daughter, and will be greatly missed by the Duchess, who takes a very active part in public affairs, and so frequently accompanies the Duke on his official visits. But the Abercorns come and go between their home in Ireland and their London house as easily as if it

were no further than from London to Windsor, and the Duke and Duchess are now in town, and may stay here till they go back to spend Christmas in Ireland.

The Duke of Abercorn, who celebrated his fifty-eighth birthday the other day, was at one time Treasurer of the Household, and his younger son, Lord Claud Hamilton, accompanied the Prince of Wales as equerry on his visit to Australia. The



THE QUEEN'S NEW LADY-IN-WAITING, THE YOUNGEST EVER APPOINTED BY HER: LADY KATHERINE HAMILTON.

eldest son, the Marquess of Hamilton, whose engagement to Lady Kathleen Crichton, Lady Mary Stanley's daughter, took place at the end of the season, will probably be married early in the new year.



TROPHIES OF FIFTY YEARS: ONE OF THE THREE HALLS ADORNED WITH STAGS' HEADS WHICH ARE A FEATURE OF THE RESIDENCE OF THE DUCHESS D'UZÈS.

The Duchesse d'Uzès has three halls of her country residence adorned with 1685 heads of the stags which have been killed during the fifty years of her activities in the hunting field.

Lascelles, and their two sons were staying in the house. No hostess could imagine a worse nightmare; but it would be a consolation to Lady Allendale that the Lascelles children were never in any danger, though her own children had to be hastily carried from their nursery. Princess Mary has not had many adventures in her life, but this one showed that she can be depended on in an emergency, for she kept her head, and made very useful suggestions.

Lady Allendale, who is the daughter of the late Sir Charles Seely, married the late Lord Allendale's heir six years ago, two years before he succeeded to the title. Lord Allendale is one of the wealthiest Peers in the kingdom. Bretton Park is the family seat, but Lord and Lady Allendale spend a good deal of time at Corbridge, near the Dowager Lady Allendale's home. Their town house is in Piccadilly, next door to that of the Duke and Duchess of York, and their children will be convenient playmates for the little Princess. Lady Allendale takes a great interest in the British Hospital for Mothers and Babies at Woolwich. She conducted a ballot on its behalf last summer, but when she felt things were

SOCIAL PROBLEMS



Fougasse

A, having opened a telephone conversation with the words, "Is that you, darling? This is little Egbert speaking," discovers that he is addressing the darling's Mother.

What should A do?

.

Most decidedly—LIGHT AN ABDULLA.

Fougasse.

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES

Turkish

Egyptian

Virginia

Fashions & Fancies

THE SEASON FOR INFORMAL DINNERS AND DANCES WILL SOON BE IN FULL SWING, AND HERE ARE A QUARTETTE OF SIMPLE FROCKS FOR YOUTHFUL DANCING ENTHUSIASTS DESIGNED FOR THESE OCCASIONS.

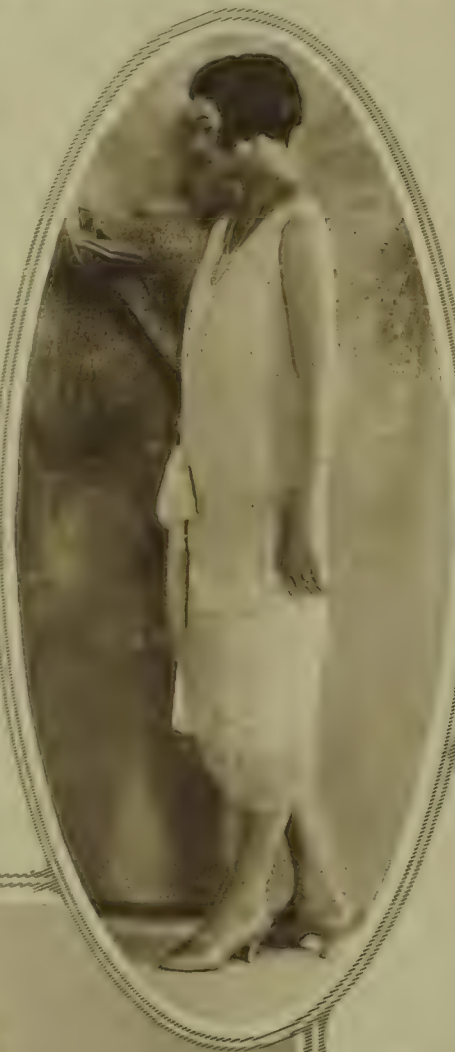
Quilted Shawls for the Evening.

The vogue for the long-skirted bouffant frock, or the sinuous affair with a dipping hem, has erected a problem in the matter of wraps. Do long skirts look nice under short coats? Certainly not! And can we clasp tight wraps round ourselves without injuring these slightly bouffant hips beneath? The answer is obviously in the negative, and consequently wraps must be designed in entirely a new way. So each frock has its attendant wrap, carrying out the atmosphere of the dress. Quilted shawls are seen with the real picture frock of faille taffeta, which has the demure air of fifty years ago. These shawls are very large, of silver brocaded satin or embroidered crêpe-de-Chine. The materials are double, and in the centre is quite a warm lining. The quilting is executed so minutely that there is no appearance of bulkiness at all, and a long silk fringe, or perhaps a heavy gold one, falls to the hem of the frock. The shawl is manipulated so that one end is slung over the shoulder, crosses right round the back, and comes over the other shoulder in front once more, hanging in a pointed drapery. Another new silhouette is achieved by the triangular cloak, which dips in a point at the back, and has two quite short sides in front, so that the whole effect is reminiscent of a man's dress coat.

Buckles and Jewels Look Backwards.

The back of the evening frock seems to bear no relation at all to the front nowadays. If the latter has a round neck, it is sure to be square at the back, and where plain tucks or gathers barely indicate that a dress is there—so slim and tight-fitting does it appear at the first glance—the back view is probably a tiered skirt dipping into long fish-tail points which add inches to your height. In some of the latest frocks, the jewellery, strangely enough, is placed at the back. Long lines of buttons, for instance, in enamel or

Peach-coloured Celanese marocain, piped with peacock-blue and embroidered with coloured flowers, has been chosen for this simple afternoon jumper suit.



This youthful dance frock, trimmed with shaded ostrich plumes, is fashioned of Celanese Malika, a new fascinating material in a lovely shade of almond green.

crystal, appear for purely decorative purposes down the back of a tight-fitting corsage, and a chiffon flower is often posed behind the shoulder. Lines of fine tucks, spreading like actual ribs from the backbone, are also an original mode which distinguishes one smart Paris creation of black ring velvet.

Gold Tissue Jumpers.

Although the richer materials, such as tissue and lamé, have been temporarily abandoned for the evening in favour of ring velvet, they are not banished from Fashion's favour. Afternoon jumpers, completed with velvet or crêpe-de-Chine skirts, are to be found in gold and silver tissues, the plainness of the skirt emphasising the brilliance of the material. A striking result of this mode is the use of tissue on a felt or velour hat. Only very discreetly shown, it is true, by the crown being cut out in a pattern to reveal a band of tissue beneath.

Distinctive Evening Dresses.

At this time of year it is almost a matter of routine to acquire two or three new evening dresses. Every woman's ambition is to find distinctive frocks

Fringes of silver beads emphasise the tiered skirt and bolero of the distinctive evening frock on the left; on the right is a simple dinner dress in black georgette, lined with pink. The yoke is embroidered with fine diamanté, and godets of lace form the skirt. They, come from Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W.

at moderate prices which will enable her to indulge in several changes. There are always numbers of delightful models of this description to be found at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W. From there comes the slender affair of marocain pictured in the centre with the coatee and tiered skirt edged with bead fringes. Another pretty frock from these salons is the black-and-pink one on the right, the pink yoke studded with diamanté, and a large sash tying with a bow in front of the lace skirt. This costs only six guineas. One of the new ring velvet frocks is obtainable for 10½ guineas with a long cross-over bodice opening on a pink satin veston, and the skirt completed with graceful side and back draperies. Then 8½ guineas will secure a well-cut dinner gown in satin beauté and brocade draped in the fashionable way to form a dipping hem-line. Charming little dance frocks can be secured for six guineas. One is of chiffon, very finely tucked at the waist and hips, with the skirt a multitude of tiny godets; and another has the corsage of white georgette heavily embroidered in crystal beads, and the black skirt tucked at the hips and cascading to a point down one side.

Celanese Materials.

There are still a certain number of people who think of Celanese solely as the knitted fabrics which are so excellent for "undies" of every kind. But there is another side to Celanese, which is becoming of steadily increasing importance to the well-dressed woman—the production of sleek woven materials, mixtures of silk and artificial silk, which are perfect for really smart dresses. There is Celanese marocain, for instance, a thick, rich-looking fabric which has the suppleness and draping qualities of pure silk, and looks just the same. The crêpe Malika is one of the latest successes, a soft, dull-surfaced material which closely resembles a triple georgette in appearance and weight. These fabrics are obtainable at all the leading outfitters, or ready made up into charming frocks, such as the two pictured on this page.



TALKS ABOUT WHISKY

"The World has just witnessed two of the greatest experiments in Social Reform ever attempted in history, viz. :—

"(1) Trying to make Russia free by Revolution ;

"(2) Trying to make America sober by Prohibition.

"It is doubtful which of the two is the greater failure."

WM. PERKINS BULL, K.C.

IT is amazing the number of happy Russian and American people who not only pay us the compliment of living away from their own country but are also dreadfully anxious to get us to adopt the manners and habits of the countries which they prefer to live out of.

Russia destroyed its capitalist class, and many happy Russians are now with us, some of them trying to make

us copy their stupid example.

America has had to part with some very wonderful American people, who are so strongly convinced of the virtues of prohibition that they prefer living in a country that will have nothing to do with it.

America, before making a noise like being dry, preferred **Haig** Whisky to any other. America was (and is) a good judge of Whisky.

Haig

WHISKY

IS A GREAT STIMULANT



12/6

Doctors are daily using it.
City Magnates are calling for it.
Merchant Princes are stimulated by it.
Over-tired men are revived by it.
Old people live longer because of it.



13/6

THE PAST IN PERSIA.

REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES BY PROFESSOR ERNST HERZFELD.

I.—THE PREHISTORIC PERIOD, TO THE RISE OF ACHÆMENIAN RULE IN IRAN, 550 B.C.

(See Illustrations on Page 905.)

This is the first of a series of four articles written for us by Professor Herzfeld, the well-known German archaeologist, on his discoveries in Persia. The others will appear in future issues.

THE munificence of an American and a German friend, who both prefer not to be named, enabled the writer to carry out a programme of archaeological explorations in Persia, Irak, and Afghanistan from February 1923 until October 1925; a rich donation by a group of Parsee gentlemen from Bombay made it possible to extend his researches in Fars; and an invitation of the Persian Society for the Preservation of National Monuments, Anjuman Athar i Milli, has allowed him to continue similar studies since May 1926. A preliminary report of the travels, but without illustrations, has already been published in the *Journal of the German Oriental Society*, 1926. The present series of articles is intended to make known to the public in various parts of the world, interested in records of the development of human civilisation, some of the more important fresh discoveries and studies. Their great number does not allow more than the selection of a few examples. Far from being a proof that the explorations were exhaustive, they only show how little has been done for the archaeological exploration of the country.

Civilisation in Iran (Persia) goes as far back as in the neighbouring lands, Sumer, Akkad, and Elam—that is, back to the dawn of history; and, as we must expect from the geographical situation of the land, civilisation entered Iran from the west, along the few high roads that lead up to the high tableland. From the oldest days down to the time when the great sea-routes around the world were discovered, Iran has been the country through which the great Asiatic overland routes passed, from the Far East to the centres of civilisation on the coasts of the Mediterranean. Hence, it has always been the medium—*e.g.*, between Sumerian civilisation and the

very earliest civilisation of India—to which public attention has been drawn during the last few years by the astonishing discoveries of Sir John Marshall at Herappa and Mohendrodara. Iran connects in the same way, in later times, Western Hellenism with the early Buddhist art of Gandhara and of Central Asia, well known to the world by the unsurpassed exploration work of Sir Aurel Stein and his few rivals. And once more, during the Middle Ages, Iran played the same rôle, when the large trade in silk and porcelain caused most interesting exchanges between the two poles of art, China and the West.

The name Iran, "the Land of the Aryans," dates from a time about 900 B.C., when the first Aryan immigrants entered it, coming from the steppes around the Aral Sea. Previous to that time, the population belonged to another stock, which spread over Asia Minor, Armenia, Persia, and Elam, and of which there are remnants, still preserving their old languages, surviving in the Caucasus. To these aboriginals belong the first monuments. The very oldest rock sculpture hitherto discovered not only in Iran, but in Western Asia, is that of Kurangûn in the Mamaseni region of Fars, a district almost inaccessible even to-day, when safety prevails over the whole empire of Reza Shah Pahlavi. The sculpture (Figs. 1 and 2, on page 905), shows a king, with a numerous suite, in adoration before a seated pair of gods. By comparing it with early Sumerian monuments, a date shortly after 3000 B.C. must be assigned to it.

It reveals almost the same art as another sculpture at Sarpul, on the high road from Babylon to Agbatana. There are three tablets, one of which bearing an inscription has long since been studied. But the second (Fig. 4, page 905) has a still longer inscription, which had escaped the notice of previous explorers. Only parts of it have so far been deciphered, but literal coincidences with the known inscription prove that the sculpture belongs to the same king, Annubanini, a contemporary of the Babylonian King Neramsin of Agade, about 2700 B.C.

The second millennium seems to represent a period of depression in the ancient East, due, as far as we can see, to an old Oriental migration of nations. From Arabia on one side, and from Central Asia and from Europe on the other, new nations immigrated into the lands of ancient civilisation. Asia Minor and Northern Mesopotamia, but not Babylonia and

Iran, were the centres of civilisation during that period. Monuments are scanty in Iran. A rock sculpture and some inscribed bricks in Elamite cuneiform prove that the plain of the later capital of Iran, Persepolis, formed an integral part of the Susian empire during the second millennium. The monuments become more numerous only after the Aryan immigration. A number of rock-cut tombs, although without inscriptions, all situated in ancient Media, can be assigned to the Median period, about 750-550 B.C. The tomb called Dukkan-i-Daud, near Sarpul, shows a figure below, in an attitude of adoration, in Median dress and with the—later Zoroastrian—barsom-wand in the right hand, clearly indicating its Aryan origin.

But the cogent proof that these tombs are anterior to the Achæmenian ones at Naksh i Rostam (Fig. 3, page 905) was discovered in the Mamaseni region, between Elam and Fars, in the tomb called Da-udukhtar, the Nurse and the Princess. It is exactly the missing link between the two groups, the Median and the Persian one, and must be assigned to the period when the predecessors of Cyrus the Great ruled as kings of Anzan over Elam and Fars under Median suzerainty, about 600 B.C. The tomb has four columns of proto-Ionic shape, enough to revolutionise old views concerning the origin of Ionic architecture on the western shores of Asia Minor.

The founder of the Achæmenian dynasty, Cyrus the Great, has left us the monuments of his capital, Pasargadæ, north-east of Persepolis. All the buildings were inscribed with one and the same inscription in cuneiform, and, as these inscriptions call him by the simple title of a satrap (Shah) the town must have been built during the years 559-550 B.C., before he overthrew the Median rule. Fig. 6 (on page 905) gives a view of the substructure of the citadel of the town, once crowned by large edifices; and Fig. 5 shows a door-post on which is sculptured an angel with four wings. There are, moreover, at Pasargadæ the well-known tomb of Cyrus and one other tomb-tower, and the remains, of high interest for the history of the Zoroastrian religion, of a Fire-temple.

Finally, Fig. 7 (page 905) shows a specimen of the ceramic art discovered in central Persia, as one example only of a rich collection of similar pieces discovered everywhere in Persia, a pottery vessel to be dated about 3000 B.C.

An Important Social and Sporting Event of MONTE CARLO.

THE Automobile Rally of Monte Carlo, which each year grows more and more interesting, is taking place for the seventh time, from the 18th to the 22nd January, 1928. As usual, it is being organised by the International Sporting Club of Monaco, the Automobile Clubs of Europe, and the Parisian newspapers, *L'Auto* and *Le Journal*. A chart is issued in connection with the competition, giving the names of towns from which competitors may start; they must reach Monte Carlo by the route given on this chart, following the direction of the arrows.

There are numerous fascinating competitions, with ten prizes, ranging from the first, which is 40,000 francs, down to the last, which is 1500 francs, totalling 100,000 francs in all. In addition, a bronze plaquette will be offered to each competitor classified. A new feature will be the Photographic Competition; this will consist of photos taken by competitors and their passengers during the Rally.

The *Le Journal* Challenge Cup, presented by the daily paper of that name, will be awarded to the competitor having travelled the longest distance according to the estimate foreseen by the rules. In the event of a dead-heat, the prize will be awarded to the one having the best general classification. To be definitely won, this cup, which is an extremely handsome one, must be secured two years running by the same person. Until it is finally won, it will remain in the custody of the International Sporting Club, and the winner's name will be engraved on it.

Entries will be received from Nov. 1 to Dec. 24, 1927, at the International Sporting Club of Monaco and at the office of the *Auto*, 10, Rue du Faubourg-Montmartre, Paris. The dated postmark will be taken for the date of the entries sent by post. Entrance fees are fixed at 200 francs per car. This fee becomes the property of the International Sporting Club, and will not be refunded on any other account than the refusal of an entry.

It is hoped that the Hon. V. A. Bruce and his charming young wife will be taking part in the Rally again this year. It will be remembered that Mr. Bruce won the Rally two years ago, whilst Mrs. Bruce secured the Ladies' Cup. They are both most popular in British automobile circles, and it will add interest to this event, which increases in the number of its entries every year, if other English people will compete also.

All information regarding this can be obtained by applying to Mr. Antony Noghes, General Commissioner of the Rally, International Sporting Club, Monte Carlo; or to the *Auto*, 10, Rue du Faubourg-Montmartre, Paris. Mr. Noghes will also forward a booklet giving rules and

regulations of the Rally—in English, if desired—to anyone wishing for further details.

Competitors taking part in the Rally and desiring good hotel accommodation will do well to apply to the management of the Hermitage, Monte Carlo's super-hotel.



MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE CASINO SEEN FROM THE FAR END OF THE GARDENS.



Glowing Health

Not only in the bright sunshine of Switzerland but also amidst the gloom and dampness of an English winter can glowing health be enjoyed if delicious Ovaltine is your daily beverage

OVALTINE
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.

THE STEPSON. By MARTIN ARMSTRONG. (Cape ; 7s. 6d.)

"The Stepson" is powerful tragedy. It moves with the unfaltering simplicity that alone can make a book on the subject bearable. The wife, who falls passionately in love with her husband's son, is a figure to be treated with restraint and dignity, or to be left alone. Martin Armstrong has made no fault in his drawing of Kate Humphrey. He has mastered difficulties that would have defeated a less sincere artist. He has placed the people concerned in her

Kate took a way of escape from her unhappy spinsterhood that has been taken often enough: she married a man she neither loved nor respected. But she was a woman made for love, and all that came after was inevitable. Mr. Armstrong's methodical development of his theme is not to be gainsaid.

TYPHON'S BEARD. By JOHN VASSEUR. (Allen and Unwin ; 7s. 6d.)

It was the Golden Age when young Pyrrhus lived and loved in Greece. It is true he was born in Arcadia, "the one dull province"; but the Arcadian drowsiness set him dreaming of the bright cities over the mountains, and realising that in his drab corner there

was no scope for his abilities. So he set out to stretch and expand—to look for giants and dragons, and encounter the gods. He met foolishness and wisdom, and the arms of a true love. Such is "Typhon's Beard," told with a sparkle by John Vasseur. The return of Pyrrhus to Arcadia is a pen picture that will show you the limpid quality of Mr. Vasseur's gift. "Soon the long rows of Leonidas' vineyards appeared, converging far away into a blurred mass of shadowed green, and on both sides

drooped vines, heavy with fat clusters of purple grapes. Ahead of them sheep drowsed under the trees into woolly clumps; and across the meadow goat bells



A RETURN AFTER REMOUNTING: A FINE SPECIMEN OF THE AFRICAN ELEPHANT BEING MOVED INTO THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM—HALF OF THE MAIN ENTRANCE REMOVED TO GIVE PASSAGE.

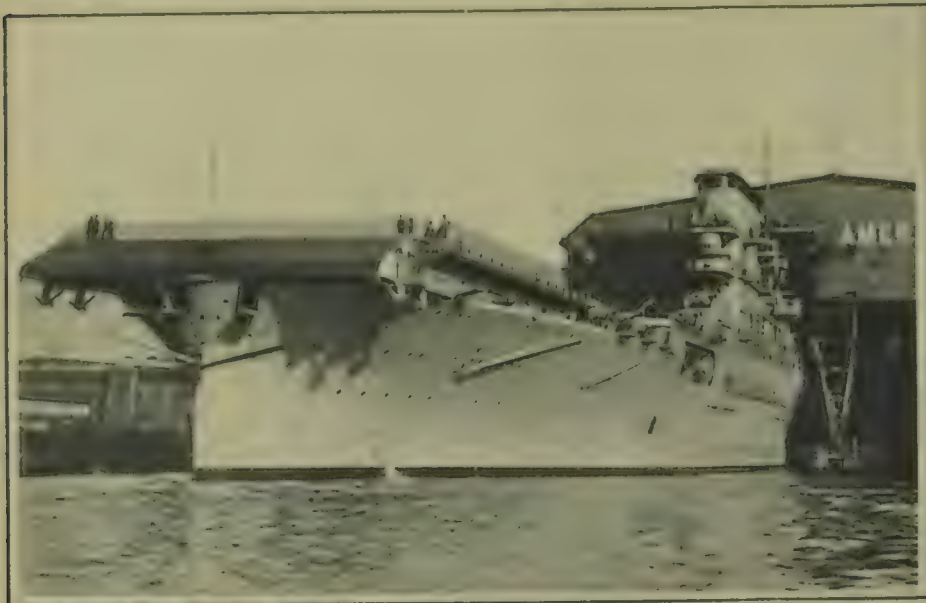
In April this specimen of the African elephant was sent to the Rowland Ward Studios to be remounted. It was returned to the Museum the other day. To admit it, half of the main entrance had to be removed.

tinkled an accompaniment to running water. The slaves, leaving work, holloed welcomes, and ran ahead to tell their master . . .

HOUNDS OF THE SEA. By DOROTHEA CONYERS. (Hutchinson ; 7s. 6d.)

Dorothea Conyers is a joyous companion in the Irish hunting field, and she has the whimsicalities of Irish country life at her fingers' ends. In "Hounds of the Sea" she throws in a castle and an ancient

[Continued overleaf.]



THE NEW AIRCRAFT-CARRIER OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY: THE "SARATOGA," WHICH IS 850 FT. LONG, AND WILL BE ABLE TO CARRY 72 AEROPLANES, HALF OF THEM BOMBERS.

catastrophe very carefully about her: their vague uneasiness or their complete ignorance bear upon her problem, but determination rests with her alone.

THIS CASE OF WHISKY FOR £1



This is the miniature case of White Horse Whisky containing 12 baby bottles of White Horse: a large "double" in each.

The Whisky is "Real Old Scotch" and the case is neat and well finished. It forms a really original gift for Xmas, which will always bring forth favourable comment. Also just the thing for a golf or billiard handicap prize. No corkscrew required!

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Portrait
of a
Worthington
lover
who sees that
the bar clock
is five minutes
slow

*(... so he needn't have run
for his nightcap)*

Continued.]

curse, and the mixture is as good a light entertainment as you may wish to find. She has not omitted the dolours of middle-class Irish cooking ("they passed on sadly to boiled mutton, smothered in floury paste"). In the helter-skelter excitement of her plot there is so much to be grateful for that one should not, perhaps, be closely critical. But not least of the mysteries of "Hounds of the Sea" is Miss Conyers's persistence in describing his father's sister's daughter as Gerard's aunt. That there shall be no mistake about her meaning, she repeats it twice, and makes a cardinal issue turn upon it.

THE MAYFAIR MYSTERY. By LAURENCE CLARKE. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.)

Lord Lethaby's escape from drowning in the dock is the narrowest shave of the kind that we remember since Edmond Dantès emerged from the sack into the waters that lapped the walls of the Château d'If. Lethaby had been kidnapped and packed into a sack, but he had as many lives as a cat. "The Mayfair Mystery" is a sprightly thriller. There is something very engaging about dark plots and the machinations of villains in London. The contrast between the policeman on point duty, embodiment of law and order, and the secret violence of Lord Lethaby's enemies heightens the dramatic effect. His lordship, being an elderly cripple, is left out of the love affair; but Laurence Clarke has seen to it that there is a wedding on the last page. For this, and other good reasons, "The Mayfair Mystery" is a yarn to be commended.

THE INN OF THE HAWK AND THE RAVEN. By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON. (Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.)

This is a story of a robber gang among the mountains of Graustark, which is George Barr McCutcheon's Ruritania. It is a mediæval romance in a modern imaginary setting. You need not look for Graustark on the map, or try to find its counterpart in Europe at the present time. Enough to follow the exciting adventures of Colonel Starcourt of the Graustarkian Dragoons, who was borne away to the stronghold of the robber chief, and a love affair with his charming daughter. The mountains of "The Inn of the Hawk and the Raven" were the right place for a handsome dragoon who was born to win a spirited bride; and Mr. McCutcheon is the right person to conduct

Starcourt and Gerane safely through the obstacles lying between them and the goal of matrimony.

FLAMINGO. By MARY BORDEN. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)

Two subjects twist in and out of "Flamingo." The first is material—New York, the stupendous, fabulously rich, teeming city, to be greater and richer yet—the city where men are seen as pigmies in the windy canyons of the streets. The second is psychical, after the precedent of "Peter Ibbetson." It is the story of a man and woman between whom there is a mysterious link of union, which you may explain by thought-transference, magnetic waves, projection of personality, or what you will. It is New York that shares the devotion of Peter Campbell, the architect genius, with Frederika Joyce, who, without knowing it, has been his lifelong spiritual companion. That is where the threads of "Flamingo" are twisted together. Mary Borden's passion for detail is justified in her treatment of New York. She gets a marvellous effect, perhaps the best bit of word-painting of the whirling, towering city that has yet been done. Her characters, outside Campbell and Frederika, are more truly types than individuals. The stolid Englishman, Iky Daw, the financier, and the American wife, glittering on the social roundabout—these are part of the human background. They are, of course, overshadowed by the skyline of New York; but types persist even in the scurry of millions, and Iky Daw, for one, is sinister and significant. "Flamingo" is a book of vision and pathos, and a subtly beautiful intention.

THE ARROW, AND OTHER STORIES. By Christopher Morley. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)

Airs of nebulous enchantment hang about Christopher Morley's writings. He is most beguiling when he is assuring you that he is being matter-of-fact. It is the trick of the conjurer, translated from sleight-of-hand into the literary art. "The Arrow, and Other Stories" shows it to perfection. Open the book—it is a little book—where you please; your eye will fall on a sentence that is simple at the first glance, and at the second will be found to be concealing delightful surprises behind it. "The Arrow" is slighter stuff than "Thunder on the Left." It is intended to be. It is different. It is different from "Where the Blue Begins" and from "Parnassus on Wheels."

That is one of Mr. Morley's gifts; he does not repeat himself. There are no grooves in his whimsical talent. And so, even in this little book, you will read three stories unlike each other and unlike the rest of his work, but bearing in common the stamp of a creative artist. "The Arrow," the title-story, is the lightest bit of nonsense imaginable, but the young American's impressions of London in autumn are true alike to the atmosphere of London and to the fairyland where Mr. Morley's fantasies are born.

The eighty-sixth edition of "Burke's Peerage, Baronetage and Knightage," for 1928, which marks its 102nd year of publication, will be published about the middle of December 1927, by Burke's Peerage, Ltd., of 66, Basinghall Street, E.C.2. The price will be £5 5s.

There was placed recently in Rheims Cathedral a plaque, akin to that in Notre Dame in Paris, commemorating the British soldiers killed in the Great War. The inscription, which is in French and English, reads: "To the glory of God and to the memory of the thousands of Dead of the British Army who fell in the Great War and who rest in France." At the time of the unveiling, General Godley placed a wreath at the foot of the statue of Joan of Arc; and he also visited the monument set up to the dead of the 132me Régiment d'Infanterie.

Now that the long evenings are with us again, the question of replenishing the store of gramophone records becomes important. The latest issued by the British Brunswick, Ltd., include "Mattinata," sung by Alfred Piccaver, in the New Hall of Fame Classic Series; and Leopold Godowsky in Rachmaninoff's "Prelude in C Sharp Minor." Maurice Gold has made a recording in Kreisler's "Tambourin Chinois" and Drdler's "Souvenir"; while those who love the Negro Spirituals will welcome the recording of the West Virginia Glee Club in "Shout all over God's Heab'n" and "I'm so glad trouble don't last always." There are plenty of new dance records, and Abe Lyman's California Orchestra and Vincent Lopez and his Casa Lopez Orchestra are among the artists who have made good records for the Brunswick.



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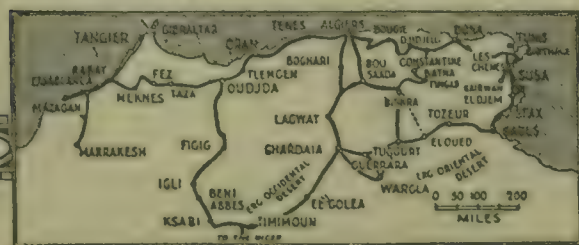
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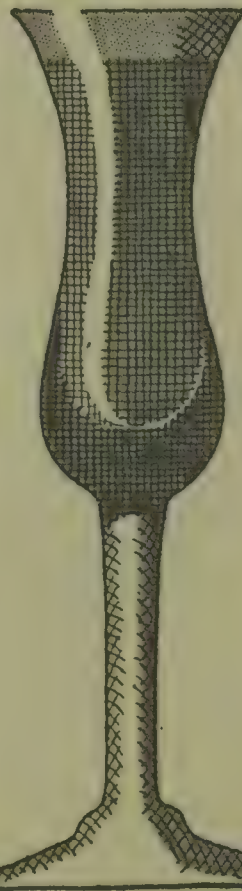
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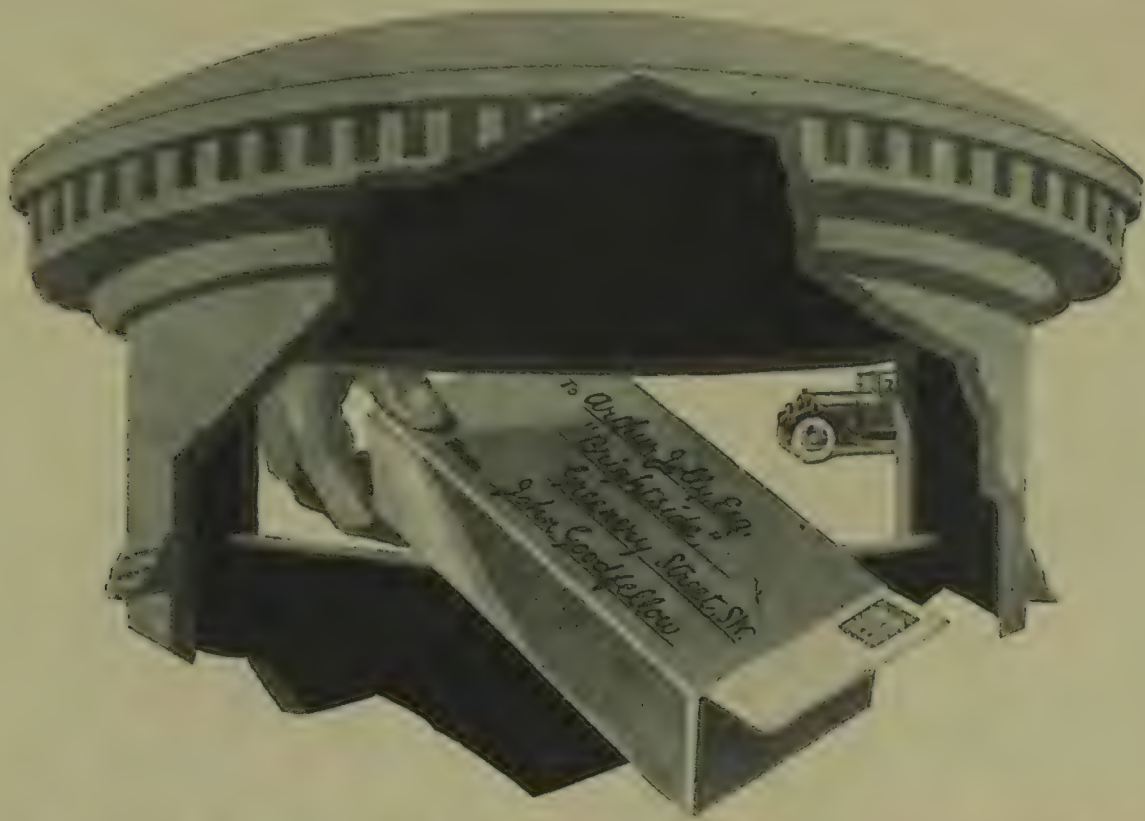


Those who understand the art of living say that coffee and Kummel is a joyous combination—a gift of the gods—if the Kummel is Bols. Bols—the short name with the long lineage. Liqueurs famous for 350 years.

Very Old Hollands
Gin, Dry Gin, Küm-
mel, Curaçao,
Crème de Menthe,
Maraschino and
Cherry Brandy.



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READY FOR THE POST!

*How De Reszke Cigarettes are
packed for Christmas*

No trouble about packing or dispatching your Christmas presents if you give De Reszke Virginias. The distinguished-looking white-and-green-and-gold tins now on sale in the shops will be found packed and sealed in stout cardboard containers ready for the post. You have merely to

fill in the name and address spaces on the packet and drop it in the letter-box. What simpler?

Among the cigarettes of to-day De Reszkes have the highest reputation to maintain. They are the kind that everybody is proud to give and delighted to receive.

DE RESZKE with the 'Ivory' Tip

*De Reszke Virginias
Twenty for One Shilling
'Ivory' - tipped or Plain*



*Packed ready for the post ;
200 for 10/- ; 150 for 7/6 ;
100 for 5/- ; 50 for 2/6*

*The 'Ivory' Tip is the finally
perfect tip*

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

MORE GADGETS: THE CHAMPION PLUG—
THE VACULIZER—A GLARE SCREEN.

AMONGST a batch of accessories of different kinds sent to me since the Show for trial and report is a set of the Champion sparking plugs. Provided



A CHAPTER IN THE ROMANCE OF THE CHAMPION SPARK PLUG: GLAZING THE CORES—AN IMPORTANT PROCESS THAT RETARDS CARBON DEPOSITS.

The sillimanite ore from the mountains of California is converted in the factory at Detroit, by a series of ingenious processes, into cores for spark plugs. The finished cores from the turning-room are placed on the revolving spindles of a glazing-machine, and the glaze is applied by spraying nozzles. The glaze melts to a glass when the cores are fired in a kiln. It gives them a finished appearance and retards carbon deposits.

your plug gives you a brisk early-morning start, a devouring spark when at work, and resists the insidious attack of oil, you do not as a rule worry very much about who made it or of what it is made. There are plugs sold to the public to-day (I have had the bad luck to buy them) which are certainly not reliable;

but these are mercifully in the minority, and it is very rarely that you find an indifferent plug supplied with a modern engine.

The Champion plug, however, apart from the way in which it does its work—on which I shall be able to report fully later—is more interesting than most of its rivals as incorporating a material which is not, and cannot be, used by any other firm of plug-makers.

This is a stuff called sillimanite, which was made synthetically in America during the war and incorporated in the ordinary porcelain body of plugs. It was found that this material showed remarkable resistance to heat and electrical resistance at high temperatures, and, in short, formed the best material for making sparking plug cores which had yet been found.

From a commercial point of view, however, the manufacture of artificial sillimanite soon proved to be impossible, largely because the temperatures necessary for its production were greatly in excess of those generally used, and the Champion Company set about the tremendous job of finding the stuff in its natural state. The story of the search is really an interesting narrative, especially as sillimanite is now, so the company tell me, found only in their own plugs. The searchers sent out by the laboratories were looking for something which is, to all intents and purposes, unique.

It took nearly two years' search among the Inyo Mountains in California to discover the first specimen, which was found at the bottom of a canyon. Then followed months of prospecting, during which years of experience in gold-mining proved their value, and the reward finally came in the discovery of an enormous vein of sillimanite in an over-hanging cliff high above the valley where the first sample had been found. According to the narrative, the cliff actually contains a vein of millions of tons of this stuff, which is believed to be the best yet discovered for sparking-plug

insulators. It had been prepared by Nature at some remote point in time at high temperatures and under the enormous pressure of the mountain above it, finally to be disclosed by earthquakes and erosion.

The Champion workings are situated on a slope of White Mountain, in the Inyo range, directly below the huge perpendicular cliff of sillimanite. It is unlikely that any factory of any kind occupies a similar situation. The illustrations in the extraordinarily interesting book sent out by the company, called "The Story of Champion Spark Plugs," might very easily be mistaken for excerpts from any wild-life film. Sillimanite is extracted with the help of mining equipment. Pneumatic drills are employed to drill the holes in the face of the workings, in to which dynamite charges are placed. A series of holes two inches in diameter

[Continued overleaf.]



THE EVOLUTION OF CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS: CORES READY FOR THE KILN, IN A "SAGGER" OF CARBORUNDUM, OR SILICON CARBIDE, THE ONLY MATERIAL THAT RESISTS THE TERRIFIC HEAT.

From the glazing-machines the cores are placed in "saggers" (each holding 230) and kept in position by a paste of flour and tar. During the burning process in the kiln the cores shrink apart and do not stick together. The bases are left unglazed, so that they do not fuse to the sagger bottom in firing

Other peoples opinions

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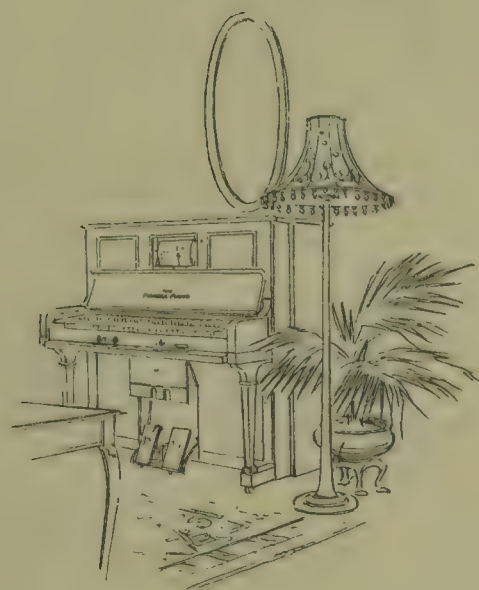
WHAT magic there is in music—what mysterious influences and powers it wields—what forgetfulness of worries in its sparkles and joyousness; what inspiration in its grandeur. To revel in the realm of music, knowing no bounds or limitations—that is the joy the 'Pianola' first brought into the world, as no other musical instrument ever did.

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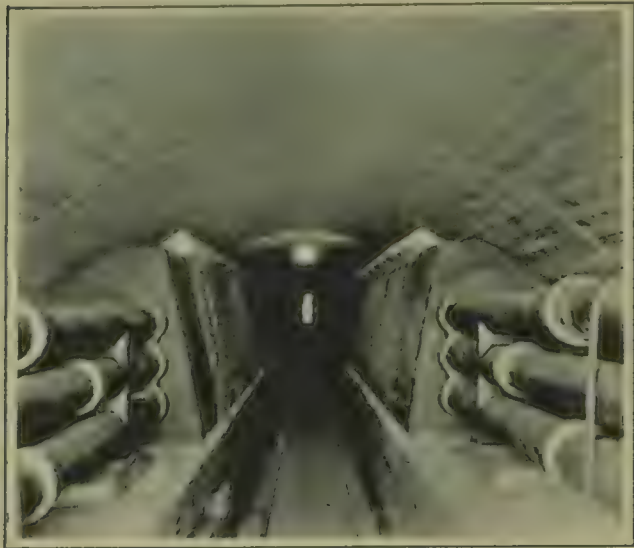
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(Continued.) are drilled back into the rock to any desired depth, usually about four or five feet. In each of these holes is inserted a stick of dynamite, and the stuff is thus blasted out. Six thousand tons of sillimanite have already been taken out of the first mine, the entrance



WHERE CHAMPION SPARK PLUG CORES ARE GRADUALLY SUBJECTED TO 2700 DEGREES FAHRENHEIT: A 300-FT. KILN TUNNEL THROUGH WHICH A CAR-LOAD OF CORES TAKES FOUR DAYS TO PASS.

Each car loaded with saggars full of cores takes ninety-six hours to pass through this 300-ft. tunnel, the central section of which is kept at a temperature of 2700 degrees Fahrenheit. The cars go in at one end cold, are gradually heated, and cooled off again at the other end as they pass out. To withstand the terrific heat the hot zone in the centre is lined with pure carborundum.

to which is a small black hole a few feet in diameter. This is 6000 feet above the level of the valley, and water for the drilling operations and for the camp is pumped by gas engines from a stream a thousand feet lower down. The whole of the machinery was brought up the face of the mountain on donkey-back piece by piece, and assembled on the spot.

The Champion plug is obviously a thoroughly well-made job, and I shall be interested to see how it behaves in everyday use.

Another accessory which has now been fitted to my car is the gadget known as the Vaculizer, to be used in conjunction with suction-operated screen-wipers. It is made by C. G. Vokes and Co., who are responsible for the British Folberth screen-wipers, and, to be candid, is exactly what I have been looking for for several years. It consists, briefly, of a cylindrical tank about ten inches long by four inches in diameter, which can be fitted anywhere in the chassis. To use an Irishism, it contains a store of vacuum, or, as I heard it described, much less than nothing. It is connected up to the autovac by means of suitable tubing, and its effect is that violent opening of the throttle when driving the car, either in acceleration or in hill-climbing, does not disturb the proper working of the wiper.

I believe that the tank might be exhausted eventually—if, for example, the throttle was kept wide open for ten minutes or so on end; but anywhere outside the Alps or the Pyrenees such a necessity is unlikely to arise. It has a further advantage in providing movement to the wiper when the engine is stopped. It is a very neat and plain fitting, and, as I said, can be concealed anywhere in the car. It requires no attention. It costs from 10s. 6d. to 15s., according to the size of the car, and, unless metal tubing is used, can be fitted easily in half an hour by anyone who possesses a gimlet and screwdriver.

The third gadget I have been trying is in its way equally useful. It is the Perspectus Glare Screen, sold by the company of that name at 280, Euston Road. It is in the shape of a long triangle, which means that, while the broader portion cuts off the rays of advancing headlights from the driver's eyes, the near side of the road can be seen under the

lower half, which tapers to a point half-way across the wind-screen. The shield is made of some semi-opaque substance, and the effect on looking at a pair of blinding headlights through it is almost exactly that of a London fog, with the exception that you can see how far off the headlights are. I have tried this screen on a wet Sunday night on the Bath Road, which I should think supplies the most arduous possible conditions, and I found that driving was perfectly comfortable. I was not once dazzled, even by the most blinding lights, and at the same time I could distinctly see such elusive things as unlighted cycles and dark-clothed pedestrians ahead of me on the near side. It costs 12s. 6d.—JOHN PRIOLEAU.



THE MICROSCOPIC TEST FOR CHAMPION SPARK PLUG CORES: AN EXAMINATION THAT REVEALS ANY VARIATIONS IN THE CRYSTALLINE STRUCTURE.

Through the microscope, the crystalline structure of thin sections of sillimanite cores can be studied. The instrument magnifies to several hundred diameters. It has thus become possible to determine the cause of variations in different grades of sillimanite and porcelains. The microscope may be said to have done more than anything else to develop the ceramic art.



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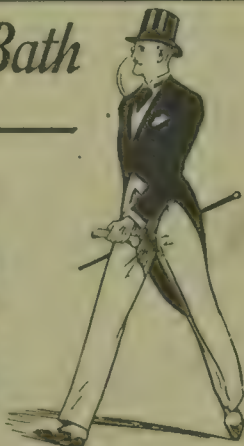
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Kennington Service.

ELECTRICITY IN DAILY LIFE.

(Continued from Page 919.)

sanctioned for London and the surrounding district, the lowering of prices generally will be felt almost at once: "The ducal residences and London town houses of the wealthy will be able to light, heat, cook and clean at a cost greatly below the 3d. per unit now being charged for power purposes in some municipalities. So will the humble housewife in Bermondsey, Mile End, Ealing, or anywhere else."

A very cheerful prospect indeed! But there is no need to wait until it is realised before taking advantage of the service which electricity can render in the home. Broadly speaking, electricity is one of the cheapest commodities we enjoy to-day. The average price after the war was about the same as it was before the war—a truly remarkable circumstance, due to the fact that the needs of war had doubled the capacity of the generating stations. Since the war the demand for electricity for domestic lighting, cooking and heating, and other purposes has grown so rapidly that the increase in output—over 50 per cent. in five years—has enabled prices to be reduced step by step.

The practical moral to be drawn from this is that, apart from "grids" and Central Electricity Boards and other high ambitious projects, the householder has made electricity cheap, and will make it cheaper still, by using more of it. He can leave technicalities to the electrical engineer, and controversies about national organisation to the politician; he can concentrate on the simple fact that electricity has become a household aid which may be employed with efficiency and economy for a great variety of daily purposes.

Living as we do in an age when "domestic labour" is rarely either efficient or economical, there is ample inducement to give careful thought to a service which saves labour and time and money in running every type of home. Every housewife is, in greater or less degree, confronted with the problem how far she can make good use of this wonderful energy available at a touch of a switch. The variety of its applications is almost bewildering; and each year adds to the discoveries and improvements which offer greater convenience or comfort or saving in labour. Our object in future pages under this

heading will be to describe, in the simplest and most practical way, how and in what directions electricity can best be applied "in the service of man"—and woman.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

MR. LORAINÉ IN "CYRANO DE BERGERAC."

HALF the pleasure which can be got from listening to the text of "Cyrano de Bergerac," and which used to be got with a Coquelin in the title-rôle, is lost in any English translation. Cyrano's speeches—and really this is a one-part play—are a series of prolonged cadenzas, the explosions of a confident and reckless virtuosity, which defy reproduction in an alien idiom. Their lyrical and phonetic audacities, their glittering conceits, their tricks of vowel echoes, cannot be retained, while a translator who rejects the help of rhyme, in rendering the alexandrine, automatically reduces the music of his verse. "Cyrano," then, in the blank verse of Gladys Thomas and Mary F. Guillemand, is not (for the listener) the sparkling, melodious, rhapsodical piece of artifice that Rostand provides in the original. Nor, of course, is Mr. Robert Lorainé's Cyrano as shown at the Apollo comparable with that of Coquelin. He has a fine voice, for all its occasional rasping notes—few English actors have a better—but there is too little light and shade in his performance. He has a sense of humour, but he shows too little here of the poet's delight in his own wit and fancy. He is a romantic actor, and yet misses some of the *panache*, the glorious swagger, we expect from a Cyrano. Earnest and eloquent he is, but he is not sufficiently the virtuoso, handling all the steps of passion and sentiment. Time and study and practice will, no doubt, mature his reading. He has good help from Mr. Francis Lister as the stupid lover, Christian, and Mr. John Wyse as the Comte de Guiche; and, if Miss Winifred Wynne lacks as yet the experience to play Roxane adequately, she looks a beautiful heroine.

"HIT THE DECK." AT THE HIPPODROME.

"Hit the Deck," the Hippodrome's new musical comedy, is a bustling, picturesque, and amusing show. Its scenic effects and costumes are lavish, notably in

its Chinese spectacle; its story is connected, and is given a pleasant nautical flavour; the score of Mr. Youmans has as good tunes as his "No, No, Nanette," music, including a "Hallelujah" number which is sure to take the town; and the piece can boast a good deal of humour and a spirited cast. This is an entertainment in which many persons score. Among them is Mr. Stanley Holloway, a delightful sailor-hero with a sense of fun, a good voice, and a refreshing air of manliness. His *vis-à-vis* is Miss Ivy Tresmand, who acts prettily and manages her songs and dances neatly enough as heiress-heroine. But besides them there is Mr. Sydney Howard, a new comedian who quickly established himself in the good graces of the first-night audience. There is also Miss Alice Morley, who in the rôle of a "darkey" makes the "Hallelujah" ditty a resounding success. Finally, there is a wealth of first-rate dancing. Surely here are sufficient recommendations.

"THE RED UMBRELLA." AT THE LITTLE.

"The Red Umbrella," that pretty piece of fantasy written by two women authors, Brenda Girvin and Monica Cosens, and now moved from the "Q" Theatre to the Little, makes an admirable vehicle for Jean Forbes-Robertson's delicate art. Its heroine, Whimsy, is an old-fashioned orphan girl who lives in a cottage with her nurse, has a poor opinion of herself and her looks, thinks herself despised by the world, and takes refuge from it with unreal beings created by her imagination. So shy is she that when real picnickers invade her home she flees from them under refuge of a "red umbrella." Then comes a change. An eccentric old man leaves a fortune to this odd child, and she forgets her notions of inferiority and believes herself nice enough to be loved. But alas! she learns the truth about the will—that the curmudgeon left her his money "in the hope that my wealth will encourage someone to marry her," and once more she despairs of herself and her lover, and seeks refuge with the creatures of her fancy and the umbrella. There is, of course, a happy ending for her. Miss Forbes-Robertson lends elfin charm, whimsicality, and gentle grace to the little heroine with that other-worldly magic of hers, and she finds in Miss Mary Rorke, Mr. Charles Carson, and Miss Marie Ault the best possible support.



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CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the International Masters' Invitation Tournament of the British Empire Club, between Messrs. E. D. BOGOLJUBOFF and A. NEIMZOWITCH.

(English Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. B.) BLACK (Mr. N.)
1. P to Q B 4th P to K 3rd
2. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
3. P to K 4th P to B 4th
4. P to K Kt 3rd P to Q 4th
5. P to K 5th P to Q 5th
6. P takes Kt P takes Kt
7. Q P takes P Q takes P
8. Kt to B 3rd P to K R 3rd
9. B to Kt 2nd B to Q 2nd
10. Kt to Q 2nd

The game has taken a more lively turn than is usual in this opening, and for the moment it appears slightly in White's favour.

10. B to B 3rd
11. Kt to K 4th Q to Kt 3rd
12. Q to K 2nd B to K 2nd
13. Castles
14. P to K R 4th P to B 4th
15. Kt to Q 2nd B takes B

Much better than the plausible attack by B takes P, which White seems to have gone out of his way to invite. The effect of this exchange of Bishops exercises an extraordinary constraint on White's operations, and practically removes his Q R and Q B from any participation in subsequent play.

16. K takes B Kt to B 3rd
17. Kt to B 3rd P to B 5th

A fine study in generalship follows. White is compelled to block his own pieces, and with half his force must struggle against the full strength of the enemy in splendid combination.

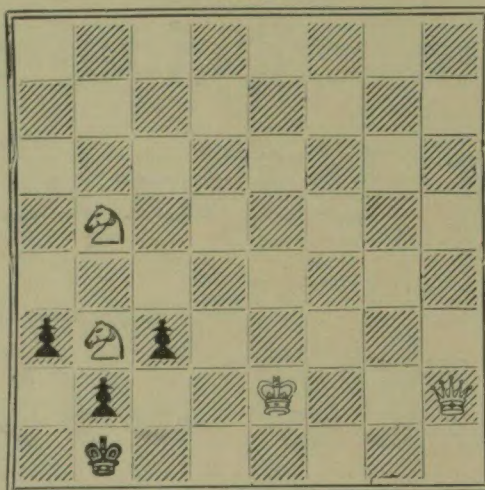
23. R to K 3rd R to B 5th
24. P to Kt 5th R to Kt 5th (ch)
25. K to R sq P takes P
26. P takes P K to B 2nd
27. Kt to Kt sq R to K R sq (ch)
28. Kt to R 3rd

Obviously, if 28. R to R 3rd, a piece is lost by 28. R takes Kt (ch). The end now comes quickly; the odds against White are overwhelming.

28. K to K 2nd
29. P to Kt 3rd B to B 5th
30. R to B 3rd Kt to K 4th

White resigns.
A beautifully played game by Black. It would be hard to find anything better than his sequence of moves from the 15th to the end.

PROBLEM No. 4015.—By PHILIP MARTIN.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4013.—By A. NEWMAN.

WHITE BLACK
1. P takes P K takes P (dis. ch.)
2. P to Q 4th K takes R or P
3. B takes R, or R mates.

If 1. — R to Q B 5th, 2. B takes R, and R mates.

Of all the problems published in this column, we cannot recall one that has even approximated to the success of No. 4013 in victimising its solvers. Not one in four of the answers received is correct; the large majority having walked into a not deeply hidden trap. They proceed by 1. R to K 6th (or K B 5th), R to Q 4th, 2. P to Q B 4th, which would do, but for Black's resource of P takes P en passant, after which there is no mate. We make no apology for the capturing key; it is recognised as permissible in modern practice: it is essential to the construction of the position, and it offers to the Black King an alluring prospect of escape. The merits of the problem are obscured by its very ingenuity.

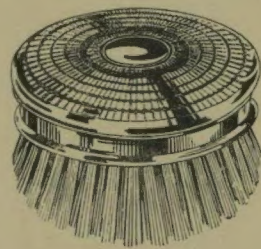
After the victory of London over Chicago in the cable match last year for the Samuel Insull trophy, New York took up the challenge for 1927, and put a strong team in the field with a view of regaining the lost honour. The play over here was conducted at the Royal Automobile Club, on the afternoon and evening of Nov. 5, when,

fortunately, London had in its service some of the best amateurs in the country. After a keen struggle, the finished games gave the result of two wins for the home side, and one for New York, while three games remained unfinished and were reserved for adjudication. There is every reason to believe, however, that the positions indicated will remain unaltered.

Special courses in French, German, Italian, and Spanish, recorded for the gramophone by the Linguaphone Institute, have been supplied to Education Officers of Royal Air Force stations by the Education Department of the Ministry. Twelve stations, including one or two overseas, have now been equipped in this fashion, as part of the free course of study offered to any member of the Air Force.

Motorists cannot fail to be interested in a new safety signal device demonstrated and sold by the Safety Signal Company, of 170-171, Windsor House, Victoria Street, S.W.1. This is operated automatically, and is illuminated with 6- or 12-volt lamps at night and in foggy or misty weather. It does away with any need for an opening through which to put the hand, as it is worked from the steering-wheel column or the dashboard. Any car can be fitted in a few minutes. A specimen signal can be seen at work at the Company's offices. A telephone message (Victoria 5081) will ensure the receipt of any information required.

Everyone can receive the present of the pretty shingle brush pictured here, which is made of a new metal, "goldoid," shining like gold, but non-tarnishable. The brush is fitted with a mirror in the lid. All that is necessary to do is to collect sixty outside printed wrappers from tablets of Wright's Coal Tar Soap and send them with your name and address to Dept. G7, Wright, Layman, and Umney, Southwark Street, S.E. This famous soap is obtainable everywhere in 1s. 6d. boxes of three tablets, or at 10d. per tablet.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J H E JARVIS (Pukehou, N.Z.).—You are perfectly correct in your indictment of No. 4009, and by this time you will have seen we acknowledged our fault at the earliest opportunity.

HAROLD M LOMMER (London, W.9.).—We are greatly obliged for the offer of the sui-mate, which is a fine composition, but belongs to a class we cannot venture upon in this column. We should be only too pleased, however, to consider contributions from you of the ordinary type of problem.

W W STONEY (Kimberley).—You have unfortunately made some error in the transcription of your solution of No. 4010, as K takes K is meaningless. If you intend it to be Kt takes Kt, then you have moved the right piece to the wrong place. Always suspect a solution that begins by capturing a piece.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 4009 received from J H E Jarvis (Pukehou, N.Z.) and R E Broughall-Smith (Northern Rhodesia); of No. 4012 from J W Smedley (Brooklyn, N.Y.), J E Houseman (Chicoutimi), Victor Holtan (Oshkosh, Wis.), and John Hannan (Newburgh, N.Y.); of No. 4013 from L W Cafferata (Farndon), H W Satow (Bangor), H Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea), J M K Lupton (Richmond), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), and C B S

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Large Garden. Full South.

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ance. Full South. Garden on Sea Front.
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M. Prop.: G. de Smet.

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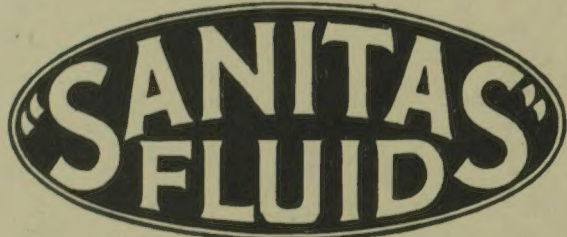
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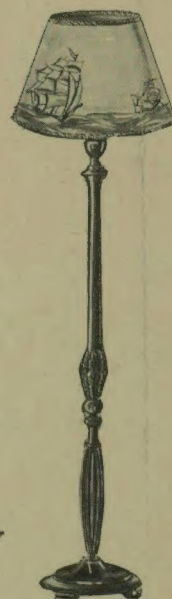
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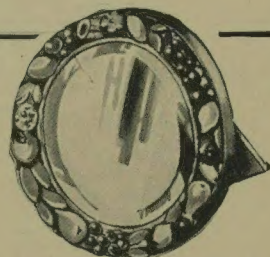
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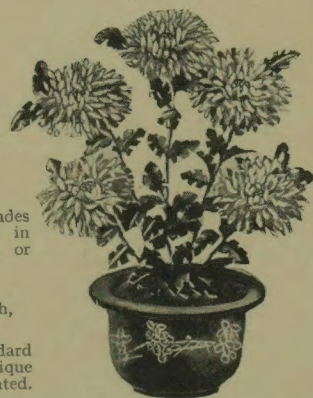
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